

The Critic

Published Weekly, at 743 Broadway, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.
NEW YORK, DECEMBER 8, 1888.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at *The Critic* office, No. 743 Broadway. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano's, and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Damrell & Upham (*Ola Corner Book-store*). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: A. S. Witherbee & Co. Chicago: Brentano's. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. San Francisco: J. W. Roberts & Co., 10 Post Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli, and Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of the *Nuova Antologia*.

The New Dangers of Sensational Fiction

THE danger to the community in the yellow-covered romance has been so long celebrated that it has become somewhat tedious. The daily newspaper constantly gives us fresh revelations of gangs of boy-burglars, haunts of infantile pirates, or perhaps some secret order with dire oaths and bloody daggers. We are ready to cry out that the public health demands a censorship, that our boys are too precious to the State to be left to such a diet of horror and crime. Indeed, we draw the cords a little tighter round our girls also, lest they too fling away home for a sensation, and do more than dream of poison or coachmen. It were better if our anxiety came to something, and remedy were to wait upon alarm; but since we are content to meditate upon the evil, let us follow the matter to the end, and see how far it extends; let us see where, perchance, it is leading us, also, the grown-up children—this new conduct of life, this government by novels. A clever observer once declared that the main use of newspapers was to cause all the world to think alike at the same time, and that out of such common thought might come any great revolution in ideas or action. Novels will answer the same purpose if they are only widely enough read, and perhaps they are even stronger motive powers. It may not be malapropos, therefore, nor altogether without value, to consider the probable effect upon the general public of certain wonderfully successful novels of the day.

The survey is by no means reassuring. Life and religion, one and the other, are being swept along by the wind of fashion just now, and it must be that shortly we shall be overwhelmed by the gathering whirlwind. The most popular novel of the season makes life one wild rush of passion; impulse is mistaken for strength, love is degraded to the lowest plane, heaven itself is brought down to the level of a Mohammedan paradise. The even tenor of a woman's days is exchanged for an existence of leaps and jerks; clothes become 'vital with emotion,' and even such stolid things as houses and furniture grow 'instinct with suffering'—whatever that may mean—in this new life of the soul. It is but a trifle in the midst of more serious matters, that complete changes of wardrobe must needs be ready for every changing mood, and that whole suites of apartments must be dismantled and refurnished in the brief hours of a single night, lest the surroundings fall out of harmony with a sudden phase of feeling. Even blessed sleep, it would seem, has grown a trifle critical in these artistic days, and comes not for all our wooing until we change the bedstead! All this is somewhat trying and inconvenient as a rule of life, but we must make shift to follow on as best we can. How shall it be, again, but that happily married readers shall question the vows they have paid at the altar, if, mayhap, they were re-pealed vows? A book full of storm and struggle to prove that second marriages are bigamous may well unsettle its admirers, and cause much foolish rending of heart. 'Fools rush in,' we know of old; but what of the consequences when they draw after them long trains of 'silly women,' to invade the

holy places? Yet these lesser and greater evils are but incidental to the view of life presented in such a book as 'The Quick, or the Dead?' Its fair author is reported to have said that nearly a thousand women have written to Barbara's creator in gratitude and sympathy. This, then, is the type of woman the uncounted, silent multitude is emulating, and these less contained ones are admiring. We shall shortly see our young, unformed, all-ignorant girls making a religion of their emotions, regulating life by their impulses, acting out every whim born of the sky or the rain, turning passion into play and play into passion, shaming Venus herself in her own bower!

But as if it were not enough to smirch the sanctity of the life that now is, we must tear asunder the bonds that bind us to heaven. Again at the bidding of a woman, we are called upon to see the dread result of too much religion. It is difficult to discover just what 'John Ward' was intended to teach. Perhaps its clearest teaching is the vigorous lesson of the holy duty of meddling. But further than that, Helen, who has no religion at all except to pick apart that of other people, is the patron saint of the book; John, who certainly believes in his faith and has the courage of his convictions, is its Mephistopheles. Let us all give up our faiths, and teach those about us to give up theirs, and let us—what shall we do? There does not seem to be much answer at hand. Many a half-thinker will confound John Ward's temperament with his faith, and glorify Helen's disposition into the religion of which she had not a scrap, but which she so sorely needed. And meanwhile the morbid conscience of him—or more likely her—who has somewhat confusedly based holy living on certain long-believed and never-scrutinized doctrines, suddenly finds itself confronted with the manœuvres of a sham battle of beliefs. Un-counted damage is like to result in the destruction of the mimic forces; in faith shaken and courage daunted by a fight that means nothing, a defeat where the enemy are but friends clothed for the time in the garments of an imaginary hostility.

Still worse harm is threatened by that other novel of the day, 'Robert Elsmere.' One hundred thousand copies of it are already scattering their seeds of difficulty in every sort of mental soil. People who do not know the meaning of testimony are forthwith convinced that the Scriptures are a cunningly devised fable. Men and women who never dreamed a doubt are throwing overboard the faith they have suddenly discovered it shows mental weakness to hold. The boyish student learns that intellectual 'good form' requires him to be a skeptic, and that it is pure unadulterated Philistinism to believe anything. The specious and unanswered arguments of the marionettes whose lips speak the changing accents of one voice, the difficulties writ large and wanting the solution which is hidden away or pushed round the corner—these things and more of their kith and kin have set out in serried ranks to destroy the faith of the world. The fascinated reader does not stop to discover that lack of sympathetic appreciation has led the writer, with all her care, into much misrepresentation of life and thought and belief; that the dramatic necessities have enabled her to avoid real argument, and to leave great gaps in her proofs. In fact, few of her readers are trained theologians, to discover at the first glimpse that the writer herself is not, and to meet her supreme assumption with flat denial, or to remind her that many of her chief positions are long since answered and forgotten. Nor is it by any means a small matter that this novel is made a dividing line in faith. The half-convincing are carried along without reflection by its force and power to a destination they never would have reached alone, and do not at all comprehend. The doubtful are suddenly decided, they know not why. The perplexed are made sure of, they know not what. 'Do you agree with Robert Elsmere?' is become a sort of shibboleth for both severe creed and vague liberality, and for good or ill a whole is adopted or forsaken because a part seems to be true or false. Thus the gravest and most difficult questions of thought and belief are de-

terminated by the charms of a hero, or the exigencies of a plot, and religion itself becomes a matter of snap-judgment.

What is to become of love and life and faith, if we are to be constantly at the mercy of such teachers as Amélie Rives Chanler and Margaret Deland and Mary Humphry Ward? There is no beauty in love, no peace in life, no strength in faith, if we are to have such matters expounded in such wise. It is the hope of her kindest critics that the apostle of passion does not understand what she teaches. It is the worst of follies to place the romance-writer in the seat of the philosopher; for the problems of faith and destiny are not to be settled by the rapid pen of the storyteller, nor can they with safety become the topic of the idle hour in every corner of the earth. It may even be true that women rarely see all around a subject, and that their fervid presentation of one phase thereof only advances their disciples in wrong paths. Certainly it can hardly be worse for our boys to imagine themselves pirates than for us to imagine ourselves unclean or sceptics. The sensational novel is no less a firebrand in drawing-room or library than in the nursery.

ANNA L. DAWES.

Holiday Publications

Irving's "Sketch-Book"

THE HOLIDAY SEASON brings with it a 'rush' of Christmas publications of every grade of originality and excellence, from the tiny 'Babee's Boke,' with big letters and bigger pictures, to elaborate art-books like Abbey's Old Songs, and the new issues of Will Lowe's Keats and Vedder's 'Rubáiyát.' Step by step from infancy to childhood, up the ladder of boyhood and girlhood, to roseate youth and mature manhood, climb these wonderfully clever 'skits,' now stopping by the way to catch delightful illustrations, now getting entangled in ornamental lettering and colored vignettes, now spending themselves in grotesque fancies. There is such flush of invention in these booklets that one is often puzzled to award the palm. It is always delightful, however, to see the immortal Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., rejuvenated, but particularly about Christmas-tide when he comes along dressed in festal attire ready to take part in that feast which he has himself so gracefully celebrated. This time he appears in unique and lovely garb, accompanied by a counterfeit presentment of himself. To think that these inimitable sketches were once declined by John Murray, 'the prince of book-sellers,' and went a-begging for a publisher in London! The same fate, however, overtook Lamartine and Carlyle, and a host of others now regarded as our choicest classics. It is just forty years since Irving sent out the revised edition of his masterpiece, and the serene joy of the preface seemed to foreshadow a feeling of the gratitude of coming generations for so much humor and imagination 'tapped' for their particular benefit. This dainty duodecimo shows the 'necromancy of the American press,' by which a quart of wine is conjured into a pint bottle—only it is one of those bottles that would do honor to a Venetian glassblower. Here we have 'Rip Van Winkle,' 'Westminster Abbey,' 'Christmas,' 'The Spectre Bridegroom,' and many others, enshrined in a charming narrow page with black-letter headings and head- and tail-pieces to delight old Wynkin himself. The edition is fitly called the 'Katrina,' and one may lightly and hopefully address it in the words of the other Geoffrey: 'Go, little booke, God send thee good passage.' (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Fairy Literature

AT THIS TIME OF YEAR it is salutary to give a thought to the fairies, who are slowly but surely taking possession of a dominion with us overlooked by railroad kings, whiskey barons and other sharers of our territory. And here come two little volumes which inform us fully as to the antecedents of the members of this latest immigration. Mr. Arthur Edward Waite tells us, in 'Elfin Music: an Anthology of English Fairy Poetry,' the French origin of the Elizabethan English fairy, of Shakspeare's Oberon and Titania and of Spenser's fairy emperors. They come, it appears, from classic stories of the under-world, of Pluto and Proserpine, Orpheus and Eurydice, merely sprinkled—given a fairy baptism, as it were—with the dews of Brittany and Provence. Hence these fairies are of the human stature, and may conveniently be personated by the members of Mr. Daly's company. But to the real fairy-folk, 'the gentry,' 'the good people,' no changelings or adopted citizens, we are introduced in Mr. W. B. Yeats's 'Fairy- and Folk-Tales of the Irish Peasantry.' He is properly indignant that the others should

have taken first place—"mère bubbles of Provence," as he calls them, for whom nobody ever set out fresh milk on the doorstep. In Ireland, the good people still retain some of their ancient rights and privileges. 'Have you ever seen a fairy or such like?' the author asked of an old man in County Sligo. 'Amn't I annoyed with them?' was the answer. At sea in the place, and when the nets are out and the pipes are lit, the time, to learn the true chronicles of fairyland, such as Mr. Yeats has put into his volume with the aid of Crofton Croker, Lady Wilde, Mr. Douglas Hyde, and other learned Seannachies. Many of these tales, however, have been as palpably manipulated by their peasant reciters as the Anglo-French romances; others are 'as old as the hills.' Some of these last we do not remember having seen in type before, such as 'The Story of Conn-Eda.' 'The Legend of Knockmany,' 'The Twelve Wild Geese,' etc., are old favorites. Those who wish to make the acquaintance of the fairies, whether of Celtic or Romance extraction, will do well to begin with these two small volumes. (40 cts. each. Thomas Whittaker.)

Victor Hugo and Eugene Sue

IT IS NOT LONG since one would no more think of naming Hugo and Sue together than he would think to-day of bracketing Zola and Rider Haggard; but in even so little time, the Colossus has become partly merged in the background, and we are beginning to take an interest in that background for its own sake as much as for his. Romanticism is of more account to us than its high-priest; and, in summing up its teaching, we must give their share of attention to other preachers. We want Hugo in the dress of his time, and that dress was worn by Sue as well. It seems proper enough, then, to bring out in similar form, adorned with their old-time cuts, 'The Wandering Jew' (3 vols. \$10), 'The Man who Laughs' (2 vols. \$6) and 'Ninety-Three' (2 vols. \$6). This Routledge edition reproduces the very shape of the old paper-covered numbers. Here are the old cuts of Djalma and Rodin and Blanche and Rose, of Guynplaine and Ursus and Lord Clancharlie. We feel like once more resting our elbows on the broad pages as we follow the fortunes of Sue's melodramatic heroines or of Hugo's no less fantastic English people. But the white and glossy paper, the handsome type, the careful printing deter us, and admonish us that these are volumes to preserve, and not the coarse paper and blurred impressions of the 'original editions.' Mr. De Vinne's press-work has brought out all that is good in the hundreds of designs by Vierge and Rochegrosse and Ferdinandus. The strong cloth covers will last an age. And, while other editions may be chosen to read in, these will surely take their permanent place upon the shelf. (George Routledge & Sons.)

Some Popular Melodies

THERE WILL BE more than Southern eyes to sparkle over the lovely illustrations with which two long-established favorites of Negro melody appear bedecked for the holidays this year. In 'Nelly Was a Lady' and 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground,' Charles Copeland, who, to secure these sketches, made special studies in the South, presents a series of exquisite little glimpses of characteristic scenery. Here we have the cornfield and the cotton-field, the steamboat-landing and the river-ford, the wayside cabin, and the lonely graveyard over which gray moss perpetually waves. The slightly idealized head of a beautiful mulatto girl, serving as frontispiece, for 'lubly Nell,' is one familiar to our recollection—a type rare, but as fine in line and texture as the sunny side of a wall-grown peach. The old planter, who, in his broadbrimmed Panama, does duty for 'Massa,' is life-like. We can, in fancy, see behind him, on a shelf in the veranda of the 'gret hus,' a pail of fresh spring-water, with a gourd to drink from; at his feet, a week-old newspaper, dropped when he rose to lean upon his stick before the artist! Everybody knows the two plantation ballads, thus pleasingly revived. Their author, the late Stephen Collins Foster, has won through their plaintive words, linked to more plaintive music, a niche in many a memory where the greater poets of this world might have knocked in vain to find a place in permanence. In 'Nelly' we have the simple theme of a lover's lament for his lost mistress—the theme of 'Annabel Lee.' The Negro deck-hand, wont to spend his time 'all night de cotton-wood a-toting' and to 'sing for my true lub all de day,' finds the flavor gone from life. Nelly, his 'dark Virginia bride,' an importation from the older, more settled civilization of the South, has been, no doubt, looked up to by her Mississippi swain, as a finer bit of clay than those around him. This explains the artless pride of the refrain, emphasizing the fact that 'Nelly was a lady.' 'Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground' has in words and melody, the very essence of a plantation dirge. It is sweet, appealing, insistent, and as melancholy

as the note of a whippoorwill calling in the dusk. The letterpress of both volumes is above reproach, and their general style is charming. A companion volume to these is Henry C. Work's 'Marching through Georgia,' profusely illustrated by the same artist. In examining this book, one is struck by the discrepancy between the vogue of the poem and the fame of its author. Who knows the name of Henry C. Work? Yet who does not know the rousing campaign-song he sang in celebration of Sherman's never-to-be-forgotten march from Atlanta to the sea? The origin of the tune to which it is fitted is involved in some obscurity (the 'Rata-plan' of 'The Huguenots,' filtered through Negro ears and fingers, is suggested as a possible genesis); but, whatever its source, Mr. Matthews is probably right in linking it with 'John Brown's Body' as the chief musical legacy of the War. (\$1.50 each. Ticknor & Co.)

Dr. Hale's "Man Without a Country"

AMERICA has been reproached at times for her sterility in the matter of short stories. One feels some indignation at this charge, as he counts on his fingers a dozen or so of these light outpourings of genius, qualified to hold their own with the similar products of any land. Far up upon this list, and in close juxtaposition with the tales of Hawthorne and Poe, must stand 'The Man Without a Country.' It were superfluous to add anything to the encomiums which have been heaped upon this powerful sermon against treason to one's country, and cogent plea for patriotism in literature. It stands out against the body of native fiction like a silhouette. Mr. F. T. Merrill has employed his pencil to good purpose in an artistic interpretation of the story of Philip Nolan. When a song, a poem or a story becomes an old friend and favorite, one has his own conception of its scenery and *personnel*, and it is very seldom the same as that of the illustrator. We are conscious of this in the volume before us, but are not disposed to unduly emphasize the impression. In themselves, the illustrations are admirable. Mr. Merrill has selected for his frontispiece that dramatic moment when 'in a fit of frenzy' Nolan hurls out his emotional anathema against his country; and this, with the minuet on board the ship, shows the artist at his best, unless a higher point be reached in the mute significance of the stilled head and hands upon the deathbed, with the 'badge of the Order of the Cincinnati' pressed close to the lips. The vignette, too, of the figure buried in the *Herald* and a cape-coat, and shaded by a broad slouched hat, which heads the opening of the story, is a very happy conceit, being an excellent counterfeit presentation of Dr. Hale himself. (\$2.50. Roberts Bros.)

Hermann Grimm's Life of Raphael

THE LATEST contribution to what the German enthusiast in art terms the *Raphael cultus* is the life of the great Italian painter, by Hermann Grimm, recently translated by Sarah Holland Adams. Miss Adams is already known as the translator of a famous volume of essays by the same noted German, whose personal friendship she enjoys. The Life of Raphael is preceded by a letter from the author to the translator, in which he compares the nature of Raphael with that of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and remarks that a striking analogy exists between the two personalities, especially in their relations with surrounding intellectual conditions. The manifestation of the universal spirit of harmony is, according to this German philosophical critic, visible in each character. The German school of criticism is distinctively literary, and its literariness is strongly imbued with abstruse philosophy. Thus, while this Life of Raphael abounds in new ideas and suggestions and is rich in striking analogies and parallels, it does not take the place of other lives of the painter in which biographical facts and technical matters are made more prominent. It is a book for those who already know their Raphael. Such students will be led to discover new subtleties and intellectual beauties in the master's work; they will be taught to see, not with the eyes of artists, but with those of thinkers and philosophers. Herr Grimm groups the different compositions, not so much biographically and historically, as after the method of intellectual development. A good bit of historical analysis is found in the few pages devoted to the characterization of the *Quattrocento*, the artistic conditions of which formed the soil that nourished the genius of young Raphael. The influence of Perugino and the Umbrian school is carefully considered, besides the gradual growth of the painter's mind under the study of Michael Angelo and the antique, which last, from the recent discoveries, was at that time a vital factor in art. It is not unnatural that a German critic should lay special stress upon the classic side of the great painter's style. As a specimen of Herr Grimm's tendency to trace each work back to its primitive elements may be taken his analysis of the Entombment, into the composition of which enter sacred tradition, the sarcophagus in the Doria palace representing the Dead Meleager, Michael Angelo's 'Pieta,' Mantegna's engraving of the same subject, and a

mural painting by Signorelli at Orvieto. The same method is pursued with regard to the other works. Again, like a true German critic, Herr Grimm discovers profound ethical and historical significance in the Vatican wall-paintings. Not the least valuable of his chapters is that headed 'Four Centuries of Fame,' from which we learn that Vasari's life of Raphael has had much to do with the veneration felt for his personality by posterity, and that Pietro Aretino, having been slighted by Michael Angelo, devoted himself in revenge to exalting the reputation of Raphael above that of the painter of the 'Last Judgment.' We are also told that Raphael's fame diminished at Rome in the Seventeenth Century, when Bernini ruled the art-world, to be revived in France through his confessed disciple Nicholas Poussin, in England by the possession of the cartoons, and in Germany, in the Eighteenth Century, by the enthusiasm of Raphael Mengs and Winkelmann, both of whom detested Michael Angelo. Thus began the German *Raphael cultus* which was fostered by Goethe and spread by the introduction of the Sistine Madonna into Germany. Then early in the present century came the Nazarenes—romantic and ascetic young German painters led by Cornelius and Overbeck, who formed a group of Raphael-worshippers at Rome itself, with Goethe for champion and Tieck for interpreter in fiction. Herr Grimm pronounces Quatremère de Quincy's Life of Raphael, written in 1824, 'elegant and superficial, and says with Teutonic contempt, that it is no longer considered an authority even among the French. Rumohr's 'Raphael and his Contemporaries,' although the work of a German resident at Rome in the accredited Teutonic circle of archæologists and art-writers, is regarded by this critic as scarcely entitled to the name of biography. The famous Life of Raphael by Passavant, from Frankfort-on-the-Main, is regarded by Herr Grimm as being overvalued on account of its 'Nazarene' tendencies. The present life is badly arranged as to chapters, and for purposes of rapid reference misses its point. Its value lies in the intellectual stimulus it affords to the reader. (\$2. Cupples & Hurd.)

"Leaves from the Life of a Good-for-Nothing"

'LEAVES FROM THE LIFE of a Good-for-Nothing,' translated from the German of Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff, by Mrs. Wister, is one of those artistic, Bohemian, semi-mystical tales of love and music and wander-years of which 'Wilhelm Meister' is the head and front. The old castles are the old castles of Goethe; the orange-trees and pine forests, the wandering minstrels, students and painters all have their prototypes in that universal romance. The characters, especially the women, with their mysterious disappearances, their bewitching songs and Lorelei-like advances to bewildered youths, are lineal descendants of the philosophic-aesthetic dames of the second part of 'Wilhelm Meister.' The Good-for-Nothing, or *Taugenichts*, is a youthful gardener's assistant, with a lively imagination, a disgust for honest toil, and a romantic habit of falling in love with nymph-like beauties on a high plane, as he supposes, of society. His pursuit of his fair lady leads him over the mountains to the land where the oranges grow, and through a variety of pleasing and fantastic adventures which bring him back at last to the old castle from which he started, where he is united in marriage with the lady of his love, and the mysteries of the plot are explained—after the manner, again, of 'Wilhelm Meister.' The illustrations by Philipp Grot Johann and Prof. Edmund Kanoldt are pretty and picturesque, but the impressions of the photogravures are not as clear as they should be; the plates seem to have been worn. The book is issued in holiday form. (\$5. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"A History of French Painting"

'A HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING from its Earliest to its Latest Practice,' by C. H. Stranahan, gives an encyclopædic account of French art. It is not a brilliant book, its critical side having no particular value, and the grouping of painters and schools of art or art-tendencies is not always judicious; but it has been compiled with industry and intelligence, and answers its purpose as a book of reference. Starting with the Clouets in the Sixteenth Century—those court-painters whose portraits form virtually the beginning of the modern art of pastel—a series of interesting characterizations is presented. The best writing in the book is found in the chapters on the old French art-organizations, the painters Lebrun and Poussin, and the position of art and artists in the Seventeenth Century. This period of French art receives less attention to-day than ever, and many persons who are very well informed as to contemporary art in France know little of the soil in which it has its roots. This deficiency will be adequately supplied by a perusal of the chapters which treat of the old painters who were born at once of French literary classicism, court-patronage, the traditions of the French renaissance, and the study of

Raphael above all other masters. The classical bent of Poussin and Lebrun degenerated into the pseudo-classicism of the Eighteenth Century, which was excused by the joyous *insouciance* of Watteau and his followers. It reappeared, under favorable auspices, with David, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, when the heroic influences of the Napoleonic period revived the antique spirit in art. The period from David to Delacroix is handled in an interesting way. The neo-Grecs begin, according to the classification of this writer, with Gérôme, Toulemouche, Hamon, Picou and Jobbé-Duvau. Americans are so familiar, on the whole, with the great artists of the Nineteenth Century in France, beginning with the 'men of 1830,' that we are naturally critical of their critics. Mrs. Stranahan's bald account of their lives and works, marked in many cases by serious omissions, does not satisfy the reader. Such inadequate accounts of artist's works as that of Corot's are too common. One of Corot's best and most representative works, the 'St. Sebastian,' in the Walters Gallery, is not even mentioned. The characterization of Courbet is unsatisfactory; and it is not true that the earliest of Millet's etchings 'was in lithography.' The indexing, too, is defective. The illustrations are only fair. (\$5. Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Leigh Hunt's "Stories from the Italian Poets"

WARM FROM the press come the first and second series of 'Stories from the Italian Poets,' forming Vol. XIV. of Knickerbocker Nuggets. This is a selection from Leigh Hunt's fascinating 'zigzag' through Italian literature, in which he picked up wonderful stories from Dante, Boiardo, Tasso, and Ariosto. Hunt had just that delightful knowledge of the Italian poets that one would most desire for oneself, together with an exquisite style of his own wherein to make his presentation of them to English readers perfect. The strain of American blood that ran in his veins, too, particularly endears him to those unhappy persons whose 'American English' is just now being twitted in the magazines, and who begin to feel sensitive about their 'cousinship.' Were any one to ask us to choose between the leading Germans who can 'say' Dante by heart and know every item of Florentine history, and delightful, imperfect, poetic, haphazard Hunt, we should say every time, 'Give us Hunt: there is nutriment in his very imperfections which exact scholarship never dreamt of; stimulus in his kindling imagination; sympathy in his contact.' Leigh Hunt was the ancestor of that tribe of *littérateurs* who take delight nowadays in giving us prose tales from Homer and Vergil, *à la* Plutarch, or in retelling the story of the Nibelungen, the Morte d'Arthur, Roland, and other great heroes, for the general reader. He and the Lambs exploited Shakespeare and the Italians to good intent, and one result is this collection of tales from the five great narrative poets of Italy. The tales are interspersed with delectable tidbits of the original, done, as only Hunt could do them, into English verse. This old classic in its dainty Christmas dress of blue sprinkled with arabesques of gold in beautifully tooled binding is fit to set before a king. (\$1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Log-Book Notes through Life"

'LOG-BOOK NOTES THROUGH LIFE' is the title of a book of religious extracts bearing upon the voyage toward the Infinite, very ingeniously embellished by Elizabeth N. Little. The selections, from Longfellow, Emerson, 'H. H.', J. W. Chadwick, and others, all have the appropriate salty tang; but the unique character of the work chiefly lies in its consistently nautical style of ornament. We have, cleverly introduced into the lettering or the decoration of the page, all manner of sailorly knots, more or less complex: walnut crown, triple 'Marthy Walker' fisherman's bend, figure eight, Turk's head, Limerick bend, sennet knot, cross knot, star knot, and what not. We have also the log, log-line and reel, the mariner's compass, the weedy anchor-chain; and many a glimpse of the foaming billow and flying sea-bird, of the good ship in storm or in calm. The lettering follows the wavy lines of delicate sea-mosses. Altogether the idea is completely carried out, from the 'sailing at sunrise' to the coming into port at evening.

Where the harbor lights of heaven
Bright o'er the waters glow.

(\$2.50. White & Allen.)

A Book for Latinists

A MORE TASTEFUL and attractive holiday gift could hardly be devised for lovers of the classics than the 'Carmina Octo Q. Horatii Flacci,' edited by George E. Vincent and issued in imitation of the ancient style of bookmaking. The volume (using the word in the original sense) consists of a single sheet of white parchment paper, nine inches wide and nearly two and a half yards long, attached at one end to a small cylinder of wood, around which it is rolled when not in use. The projecting ends of the cylinder are

turned so as to form convenient handles, and are painted white, suggesting the ivory bosses so much used by the ancients. The outside of the volume when rolled up shows a delicate tint of red. The title is written, after the ancient fashion, in scarlet letters on a separate piece of paper and attached to one end of the roll: The text is in single columns, running the narrower way of the sheet. The title-page is followed by a supposed portrait of the poet in bright but pleasing colors, though the inscription underneath (*Ad Manes Poetae Hic libellus dedicatus est*) is of questionable Latinity. The text is evidently printed from stone. The letters are of the ancient capital style, apparently in close imitation of the forms found in the older of the two famous MSS. of Vergil in the Vatican library. The selection of odes includes several of the most popular, and metrical translations are added, mainly by Theodore Martin, for the benefit of those not versed in the original. It would be ungracious to point out minor defects in a book which in so many features successfully reproduces the ancient form and style. It will serve not only as a novel gift-book, but will also be useful to classical students and teachers for purposes of illustration, especially in stimulating the interest of classes. (\$2. F. A. Stokes & Bro.)

"The Bugle Song," and Other Poems

'THE BUGLE SONG, and Other Poems' includes not only Tennyson's poems but Moore's 'Canadian Boat-Song' and three songs by Goethe, Longfellow and Scott. The illustrations have been engraved under the supervision of George T. Andrew. The castle lighted by the sun is a very well-composed and picturesque scene. The landscape, with the dusky foreground, the distant mountains and the luminous sky, shows good balance of lights and darks and sense of the pictorial. The bit of pasture, with ducks advancing down a road and a village in the distance, shows skilful management of middle tones. A river effect at night, with a boat shooting onwards, is very good in tone, and is full of the spirit of the Canadian boat-song which it illustrates. The branch of roses forming a headband for the index-page is as well engraved as anything in the book. (\$1.50. Estes & Lauriat.)

"Modern Art and Artists"

'MODERN ART AND ARTISTS,' by Wilfrid Meynell, presents a series of biographies of English, French, German and American artists, written from the English critical and descriptive point of view, with accompanying engravings. Some of the latter are admirable, such as the head of Paul Baudry, after the bust by Paul Dubois, with its crisp treatment of the hair and the fine rendering of light; and the portrait of Pope Leo XIII., after Lenbach. There are some etchings scattered through the volume, and process plates are not lacking. Defregger's Tyrolean pictures are well reproduced. A good piece of engraving is the portrait of David Neal by G. Kruell. Among the artists written of are Frank Dicksee, Hennessy, Israels, Millet, Moreau, Gérôme, Wauters, Knaus and Lenbach. The paper on Whistler shows considerable artistic discrimination if not appreciation of this artist's individuality. The article on Elihu Vedder is accompanied by an excellent reproduction of a charcoal sketch. The author says of Mr. Vedder that he is one of those artists who are not painters—an excellent characterization of the subject. An otherwise good full-page reproduction of the 'Mountain of the Holy Cross, Colorado,' accompanying a laudatory notice of the work of Thomas Moran, has the one fault of many of the engravings in this book—that of being too sharp in its contrasts of black and white. (\$6. Cassell & Co.)

Minor Notices of Holiday Publications

MACMILLAN & CO. have put upon the market a two-volume edition of Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'Robert Elsmere.' This is so much handsomer than any other—the type, ink and paper are so much better—that it may fairly rank as a 'holiday book,' though to the orthodox believer there must be something anomalous in making a Christmas gift of a story that insists upon the mere humanity of the founder of the Christian faith. The popularity of the novel shows no sign of waning; the first consignment of the new edition was exhausted almost as soon as it reached New York. (\$3.) — POE'S 'BELLS' are rung anew for us this year in an illustrated edition of the famous poem, with neat letterpress and pictures in monotint, issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. (75 cts.) — WE HAVE received a packet of 'Ribbon Booklets'—rainbow-tinted Christmas and New Year's mementoes, ornamented with flowers, landscapes, birds, and all the delicate devices that artists use, tied up in ribbons of white and azure, and enshrining within their covers seasonable bits of verse. They vary in size and price, as well as in design and color, and are well calculated to please the taste of people who like to send such offerings to their friends. (Richfield Springs: Ibbotson Bros.)

BESIDES Leigh Hunt's 'Stories from the Italian Poets,' noticed elsewhere in this number, the Knickerbocker Nuggets have received three additions, all delightful, though varying in permanent value, in the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius* (\$1)—one of the picked books of the world; Thackeray's 'Rose and Ring' (\$1.25), and Fouqué's fascinating 'Undine' and 'Sintram' (\$1). Thackeray's amusing story is fitted out with the author's own absurd pictorial comment; the two other books—one containing the ripe and clarified wisdom of the old Emperor who would have lived nobly in a modern tenement as he lived in the Roman palace to which fate called him, and the other those simple tales of the supernatural that hold their own so well through the years,—are not provided with illustrations. Their dress is so beautiful, however, that they need no other adornment. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A DAINTY, SQUARE, gilt-edged booklet, bearing on its tastefully designed stiff paper cover the pilgrim's staff, scrip, bottle and scallop-shell, is quaintly entitled 'A Handbook for Pilgrims: Thoughts by the Way for Those Who Journey through This Fair World on Their Way to One Still Fairer.' The compiler is Mary B. Dimond. The motto chosen, 'The Kingdom of Heaven is as a man travelling into a far country,' indicates the plan; each incident of the spiritual journey is represented, from the breaking of morn, when the heart of the pilgrim is uplifted in the prayer that 'the uncreated Light may guide us as we go,' to evensong and the hour when 'He giveth His beloved sleep.' The 'Handbook' should bring pleasure and guidance to many. (75 cts. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

AN EXCELLENT PIECE OF WORK is 'Golden Words for Daily Counsel,' compiled by Anna Harris Smith and edited by Huntington Smith. The aim is to exert an influence upon conduct, rather than to assist devotion. The selection has been made in a truly catholic spirit, by one who believes that 'it remains for those who would be glad to see the Kingdom of God on earth, to sink their trivial differences, . . . to open the selfish barriers that divide their forces, and to labor together.' There is a prose selection, followed by a bit of verse and headed by a text, for every day in the year. In an index of authors including many names, we note the numerous extracts credited to Amiel, Marcus Aurelius, Thomas à Kempis, Dean Stanley, Lowell, and Whittier. A useful topical index is also given. The form is neat and compact. (\$1. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

A BOOK OF BRIEF EXTRACTS from the writings of 'Pansy' (Mrs. G. R. Alden), arranged for daily reference, has been prepared by Miss Grace Livingston. It bears the graceful and appropriate title 'Pansies for Thoughts,' and is prettily bound in white and gold, with a design of pansies in outline. Those with whom this earnest writer is a favorite will welcome her familiar words newly presented in this charming form. (75 cts. D. Lothrop Co.)—DINAH MARIA MULOCK'S (Mrs. Craik's) sweet and simple Christmas Carol,' beginning with the old words

God rest ye, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,

appears in holiday dress, on heavy gilt-edged leaflets fastened with pale-blue ribbon. A companion publication is the same author's 'Psalm for New Year's Eve.' The illustrations of both poems, in sepia tint, by J. Pauline Sunter, while not remarkable, are pleasing. The cover designs are delicately done in color. (\$1 each. Lee & Shepard).—A SMALL, SQUARE BOOK, with rather crudely decorated paper cover, tied with blue and gold cord, is entitled 'Golden Showers,' and contains a few poems well selected from Herbert, Herrick, Wordworth, Longfellow, and others, by Christine Forrest. The illustrations—partly in monotint, partly in gold and colors—are by A. Hanslip. (50 cts. T. Whittaker.)

THE BESOM-MAKER, and Other Country Folk-Songs' includes a few that are jolly or pretty, as the 'Wassail Song' and 'My Johnny was a Shoemaker.' Most are as dull as a farmer's life in a wheat country; but all are relieved, in Mr. Heywood Sumner's collection, by quaint pictures, like those in old-time chap-books, on which the rising young water-colorist may try his hand and his pigments. (\$1. Longmans, Green & Co.)—SONGS FROM BÉRANGER, translated in the original metres by Craven Langstroth Betts, is a volume that holds little of Béranger's spirit, and even the metre sometimes comes halting off. This is from no lack of industry, we are sure, for Mr. Betts usually succeeds pretty well when industry may serve him in rendering some of his poet's least characteristic songs. These, and one or two lucky strokes (as 'The King of Yvetot'), and its dainty appearance, may make the little volume acceptable. (F. A. Stokes & Bro.)

'LAMIA,' by John Keats, with illustrative designs by Will S. Low, is a new edition, reduced in size, of the famous publication of three or four years ago. The same cover-design—gold olive-wreaths on a pale-green ground—serves for the present edition. Some of the plates have lost in crispness, and in that delicate effect of relief which gave to the nude figures their statuesque charm. One of these is 'Mercury and the Wood-Nymph.' 'Lamia by the Pool' has suffered in clearness and sharpness of impression. The reduction in size of the plates seems to have produced a corresponding belittling in the conceptions, but they are always worth studying for their classic grace and delicate odor of the antique. (\$5. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—HAROLD ROORBACH of this city makes timely publication of 'The Gypsies' Festival,' by N. Earle—a musical trifle, arranged for representation by young people at church entertainments, school exhibitions and social gatherings. In a note the publisher acknowledges his indebtedness to J. C. Johnson's 'Juvenile Oratorios.' Mr. Roorbach publishes also 'The Court of King Christmas,' with simple incidental music, arranged for similar occasions, by L. A. Higgins. (25 cts. each.)

The Magazine of Art for 1888 fully sustains the reputation of this best of English art periodicals. It combines the technical artistic idea with the literary, the professional with the general; and offers a wealth of good engravings, etchings and photographic reproductions of famous works. A delicate and brilliant etching, full of color, by Dobie, after James Waterhouse's 'Mariamne,' forms the frontispiece. A fine photogravure is the Virgin and Child, after Gustave Courtois. Murillo's 'Dice-Throwers' is well engraved; and it would be difficult to find a more sympathetic piece of work than Lacour's engraving after G. F. Watts's 'Orpheus and Eurydice.' The Meissenbach process—now so popular a method of book-illustration—is seen at its best in the full-page plate, 'The Wanings of Summer,' with subtle rendering of delicate half-tints, and in the 'First Bereavement,' after Bouguereau, in which the modelling of the nude figures is very well reproduced. Among the most valuable papers in this volume are the 'Studies in English Costume,' by Richard Heath; various articles on applied and industrial art, and on the portraits of Dickens and Napoleon the First; Walter Crane's 'Language of Line'; and critical essays on old masters and new. (\$5. Cassell & Co.)

The Century's thirty-sixth volume, in the familiar gold-sanded covers, is as usual a veritable thesaurus. The volume includes the numbers from May to October of the present year, and contains many of Mr. Kennan's valuable and luminous papers on Russia and Siberia, Mr. Cheney's essays on 'Bird Music,' two of Mrs. van Rensselaer's cathedral articles, some of the best instalments of the Lincoln History, and the concluding chapters of 'The Graysons.' In the way of single contributions, there is the finely appreciative paper on Emma Lazarus, with portrait; Richard Jefferies's 'English Deer Park'; James Lane Allen's picturesque account of the Abbey of La Trappe in Kentucky and his story of 'The White Cowl'; John Burroughs's critique on 'Matthew Arnold's Criticism'; Matthew Arnold's 'Milton'; Miss Phelps's paper on Edward Rowland Sill, and George R. Parkin's on 'Uppingham: an Ancient School Worked on Modern Ideas.' Walt Whitman's 'Old Age's Lambent Peaks,' W. P. Andrews's sonnet on Matthew Arnold, Philip Bourke Marston's 'Love Asleep,' and 'Restlessness' by Miss Lazarus imperfectly represent the riches of rhythm bound up in the volume's almost thousand*pages.

Scribner's Magazine for 1888 also lies on our table, the two volumes (III. and IV.) containing over 1500 pages of the most entertaining reading-matter, including much of the best work of our magazinists. Here are Mr. Aphor's paper on 'Mendelsohn's Letters to Moscheles' and Mrs. Fields's on 'A Shelf of Old Books,' with interesting portraits accompanying them; Austin Dobson's illustrated essay on Pope; Augustine Birrell's memorable articles on Cardinal Newman and Matthew Arnold; Mr. Mallock's 'Scenes in Cyprus,' and several of Edward L. Wilson's contributions on Egypt; the serial chapters on the evolution of our railways and kindred subjects; Gen. Sheridan's valuable reminiscences of Gravelot and Sedan; two instalments of the late Lester Wallack's 'Memories'; 'A London Life,' by Henry James; Mr. Stimson's 'First Harvests'; and Mr. Stevenson's many chapters on subjects diverse, including his much-discussed 'Gentlemen' and 'Some Gentlemen in Fiction.' These volumes contain enjoyable short stories, too, by Octave Thanet, John R. Spears, T. R. Sullivan, Sarah Orne Jewett, T. A. Janvier, H. C. Bunner, Barrett Wendell and others of our popular fiction-weavers. (\$2.25 each.)

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO. has sent out holiday numbers of some of the foreign magazines. *Yule Tide*, the Christmas annual of *Cassell's Family Magazine*, with a wreath of holly on its covers, is a pretty affair, and has the true flavor of the season about it. Two full-page lithographs in colors, 'The First Comer' and 'The Last Comer,' picture the sad side of the merry festival—that of the streets; while 'Choosing the Mistletoe,' a soft print in sepia tones, depicts the joy of the house. The soap advertisement, sandwiched conspicuously between the leaves, is hardly in good taste, however, or in the true spirit of fairness to the purchaser. —The Christmas *Chatterbox*, in addition to an enlargement of its pages and a plethora of reading-matter for the little folk, carries with it five highly-colored prints in the flamboyant English style. They are bright and animated, however, and doubtless the 'Holy Angels,' 'Young England,' 'Our Chatterbox,' 'The Pleasures of Hope' and 'Hope Deferred' will amuse the young people who are fortunate enough to obtain them.—The London *Graphic* contains about the same amount of gay prints and bright reading as usual at this season, and is humorous, serious or ridiculous according to the text. Two leaves set forth the laughable ballad of 'Faithless Nelly Gray' in a light and lively fashion; another leaf preaches 'The Perils of the Illiterate,' a sermon to Meddlesome Matties; while 'A Day of Misfortunes' and 'Married my Wife' are amusing little skits which set one a-laughing. Three large colored prints accompany the paper. The theme of 'At Last' is too hackneyed to be pleasurable; and Leslie's 'Sweet Anne Page' is suggestive of apoplexy in the floridity of its flesh tints. The 'Juliet,' however, considering the limitations of the medium, is admirable.

Books for the Young

Prof. Soley's "Sailor Boys of '61"

'THE SAILOR BOYS OF '61,' by Prof. J. Russell Soley, is the kind of book which will make many applicants for admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis and the United States training-ships, besides finding a place on many a lad's favorite shelf of books. It is full of pictures—not worn-out or oft-used electrotypes made in some other country, but drawn from real American ships, uniforms, etc., and in some cases from photographs taken especially for this volume. Prof. Soley knows how to tell true history in the form of a capital story, for no man is better equipped to be our American James (without the lying so certainly proved against that ex-Philadelphia horse-doctor, who turned historian of the British Navy). He knew personally most of the Naval heroes of the Civil War, and he has the archives of the United States Navy in the same building at Washington in which he spends his days. He wrote 'The Blockade and the Cruisers' in the Scribner's Campaigns Series, and this he has substantially put into simpler language for Young America, leaving out the dryer parts and, putting in more anecdotes—in a word, dwelling more at length on what the boys of '61 did. Though 'we' are rather a grayish boy as to hair and years, we had to read this last book of his through—we couldn't help it. Nearly four hundred pages of animated and animating picture and story are to be found in this treasure-house of delight. No vulgarity, bad English, or inaccuracies have we discovered in the text; while the Professor's loyalty is pronounced, his fairness to both parties is also noticeable. Feed your boys on such diet, if you want to keep the men of our new Navy up to the splendid standard of manhood in the past, and make them worthy of the ships of our future marine, now building. (\$2.50. Estes & Lauriat.)

Gen. Wallace's "Boyhood of Christ"

IF ALL WHO last year read delightedly the article by the author of 'Ben Hur,' in the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine*, expected 'The Boyhood of Christ' to reappear enlarged and improved after fresh study, they will be disappointed. We fancied that the sketch when booked in stiff covers would be more than an 'impression,' but this the author did not intend. His preface to the sumptuous book now before us, dated 'Crawfordsville, Indiana, June, 1888,' tells us that he wrote 'to fix an impression distinctly' in his mind. That impression was that Jesus Christ 'was, in all the stages of his life, a human being. His divinity was the Spirit within him, and the Spirit was God.' Having no judgment to pass here on the author's theological views, we cannot but regard the literary portion of the book as unworthy of the superb setting here given it. 'Uncle Midas,' a gray-moustached man of many trades, and especially eminent in none, sits amid his luxury and spoils of travel, and calling away a group of children from their dances and merrymaking, gives them his ideas about the early life of the boy Jesus. We do not discover the marks of a profound student of the original records of those who knew the man Jesus, or lived nearest

to him in space and time; nor do we find that power of imagination in Uncle Midas's treatment of his theme, which might kindle the sympathies and enoble the thoughts of children. We do find the author familiar with the apocryphal and the later narratives, which are too late by centuries to be of much value. In short, the text still seems to bear the marks of a hasty magazine article rather than the polish of a literary gem. No disappointment, however, awaits the lover of beautiful book-making, and on this gem of art the publishers have lavished the resources of taste, skill and rich material. The quarto volume of about ten by eight inches is bound in dark-blue leather, with borders and ornaments in gold. The decoration is tasteful and not overdone. The edges are gilt. The paper is rich and thick, the type large and clear, with wide margins on the fair page. Each of the fourteen illustrations is on heavy plate-paper, and carefully printed. Besides the pictures by Abbey, Bramton and Merson, the two latter exemplifying modern French art, there are others which will repay close study. We cannot help thinking that their excellence will compel contrast with the text to the advantage of the men of the pencil over the man of the pen. Certainly the imaginative sympathy of the painters is far in advance of the fancies of the author. For the perfection of the illustrations, much praise is due to the American engravers. (\$3.50. Harper & Bros.)

A New Oliver Optic Series

HOW MANY BOYS, we wonder, within the last twenty years, have drawn their hopes of a glorious and conspicuous career, from the lives of the heroes of the fertile Oliver Optic Series. But the necessary requirements of an Oliver Optic hero are mutually exclusive, and the *genus* is rarely found in the fauna of real life. The wisdom of the serpent, the courage of the lion, the mechanical genius of the beaver, the sagacity and gentleness of the dog, are not the salient characteristics of extreme youth, although in the plastic hand of this clever author they may be made to so appear. 'Taken by the Enemy' is the first issue of a new series called the Blue and Grey. The story occupies itself with the preliminary situations of a string of captures and escapes incident to the Civil War. Although written from a Union standpoint, the theme is handled with so fine an impartiality that the son of Confederate parents could take no umbrage, and a Union lad experience no intense feeling. There is something remarkable in the fact of an author outrivalling his generation, and beginning on a new and younger one; and the sight of this gay-colored volume makes us regret the careless days when we saved our small earnings to buy the latest issue of this entertaining author, and almost wish that our literary taste had remained as juvenile as his faculty. (\$1.50. Lee & Shepard.)

Kate Greenaway's "Pied Piper"

'THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN,' with illustrations by Kate Greenaway, which was to have appeared last Christmas-tide, is now ready, and perhaps, like wine, is not spoiled by the keeping. The artist's name upon the cover is doubtless the book's best recommendation. If there is anything to be said in criticism, it is that the thing is almost too dainty for the mischievous digits of the little vandals for whom it is intended. The poem has been illustrated with the express sanction of the author, we believe, and he as well as the audience for whom it was written must be fastidious and ungrateful indeed, if they do not cry 'Brava!' to the artist. Her conception of the Piper may not agree with every reader's notion of the Brunswick Orpheus, but as probably no two would agree with each other on the point, it matters little, especially as he is painted 'tall and thin' and 'half of yellow and half of red' as the ballad has him. For the rest, he has the marvellous pipe at his lips; and you see the rats on the one hand scampering after him to the water front in legions, and on the other the children pricking up their little ears to the strain and chasing the wizard notes, pell-mell, to the land where the 'waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,' like a procession of youths in a Florentine frieze. The little tot in green, just stepping over the doorsill, with her cap, suggesting one of Van Dyck's royal babes, is a charming bit of infant life; and the poor little cripple, who was left all forlorn, a beautiful but pitiful waif. Miss Greenaway's 'Piper' is one of the 'star' books of the season. (\$2. Geo. Routledge & Sons.)

Prof. Church's "Three Greek Children"

PROF. A. J. CHURCH is the Plutarch of modern children. Not content with writing for them countless stories from Homer, Vergil, Livy, the Greek tragedians, Herodotus, and Lucian, many of them delightfully illustrated, he has written several of the Stories of the Nations, 'The Last Days of Jerusalem,' tales of the magicians, the Saxons, the Romans in the days of Cicero, and now this romance of

'Three Greek Children,' gorgeously brightened up with Flaxman's illustrations done in colors. Prof. Church has an ingenious and admirable way of 'smuggling' into the youthful mind, under the guise of stories, all sorts of information about classical times and classical heroes—a way superior to that of the old-fashioned Charicles of Bekker or the pseudo-classicism of Fénélon. A boy or a girl who reads his books faithfully at Christmas or in the dull days thereafter will find inexhaustible pleasure and instruction, for he is a storyteller more full of wares than the calendars of the Arabian Nights. His 'Greek Children' lived two thousand years ago, but they are as lively as if they had lived yesterday; and they contrive to tell us all about their Athenian home, their Greek customs and myths and festivals, the games and wedding habits, and the sacrifices and superstitions of the Greeks. Miscellaneous bits of geography and history are interwoven with the fates and fortunes of little Gorgo, Rhodium, and Hippoanax; and a world of curious archaeological detail, described in simple language, gives truthfulness and local coloring to the tale. (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Wrecked on Labrador"

'WRECKED ON LABRADOR,' by Winfred A. Stearns, is one of the pleasantest juvenile books that have lately passed through our hands. It is chiefly remarkable for two things, the presence of wholesome adventure and the absence of the overstrained. A Boston family—boys, girls and all—make two summer trips in a sailing-vessel to Labrador. They embark at Boston, and after a four weeks' stay on the coast of that northern land return safely, loaded down with trophies of their journey—birds, eggs, natural history specimens of all sorts, and no small fund of actual knowledge of sea and ship. The second expedition is managed somewhat differently. Mr. Benton, the *paterfamilias*, who was a shrewd business man, chartered a schooner and stocked her with provisions and dry-goods for trading with the fishermen off Labrador. It was on this trip that the schooner ran ashore in a fog, and a more comfortable disaster could hardly be imagined. It is rather mythical that a shipwreck in which every one is prepared, handbag in hand, for the fatal shock should really come off; it is not usually the expected that happens. But we will give the considerate author the benefit of the doubt, and be thankful that he has written a book for boys that appeals to higher instincts than bear-baiting and killing off the inferior races. (\$1.50. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

"Captain Bayley's Heir"

ANOTHER of Mr. Henty's capital stories is 'Captain Bayley's Heir,' a tale of the Gold Fields of California, which does not, however, open in that auriferous region, but in a street in Westminster, where a tremendous fight between the Westminster boys and an aggressive crowd of roughs is in progress. During the battle we mark the prowess and popularity of a fine hearty lad, Frank Norris, who subsequently, under a false accusation which he cannot disprove, rather stupidly runs away from school to America. He has various stirring encounters with Indians and stage-robbers, besides being on the Mississippi in a flood. It is at last discovered that a certain scheming cousin was the real culprit, and Norris returns to England, and is publicly vindicated. It is needless to say that the crafty cousin justly comes to a very bad end. We fancy that an American boy will be most interested in the part of the story relating to Westminster School, as it was forty years ago. We are familiar with the red man and the river pirate, and have supped full of buffaloes; the old school with its odd customs is comparatively novel. The excellent illustrations of the handsome volume are by H. M. Page. (\$2. Scribner & Welford.)

"John Standish"

PROBABLY even Archibald Ballantyne, who not long ago assailed what he called 'Wardour-street early English' in the pages of *Longman's*, would admit that vehicle of expression to be quite in keeping with such a subject as the rising of the Kentishmen under Wat the Tiler. In his story of 'John Standish; or, The Harrowing of London,' the Rev. E. Gilliat, Assistant Master in Harrow School, has been at great pains to employ Fourteenth Century English in the dialogue, and to intersperse proverbs and allusions to old customs. It seems to the author 'more important to reproduce the very words and thoughts of the past than to rely for a faithful picture on inventories of clothes and furniture.' This plan necessitates a few footnotes, which are duly supplied. The story of the adventures and love-affairs of the gallant esquire, John Standish, is a valuable new link in that chain of historical romances, whose important function of awakening interest in a particular period, and illuminating its characteristics for the young student, every teacher recognizes. Dear and living in memory are the unreal people who

served to light up for us the reality of the past. We believe in Louis XI., having intimately known one Quentin Durward; we have entered into the times of Elizabeth, through following the fortunes of Frank and Amyas Leigh. But the liberties our beloved romancers take with history are apt to leave a permanent twist in our notions of certain events. This is happily not the case with the present tale, which closely follows historical lines. The account of the harrowing of London is both spirited and perfectly truthful. Chaucer and the author of 'Pier's Ploughman' are introduced as characters (one must admit a trifle more stiffly than the other real figures); we get some glimpses of the boy-King Richard II., and form a pleasant acquaintance with Dan John, the giant-monk of Westminster. Curiously enough, the evil-complexioned Summoner of the Canterbury Tales also appears. The style of the handsome book befits its subject; the blue cover, with its old English lettering, and decoration in red and gold, is very effective; and the costumes are accurate in the colored illustrations, which include a view of the Tower and old London Bridge, copied from a manuscript in the British Museum. (\$2. Scribner & Welford.)

"The Lion of St. Mark"

IT HAS NOT BEEN our lot in a long time to peruse so vigorous and absorbing a book for boys as 'The Lion of St. Mark,' by the indefatigable G. A. Henty. As is indicated by the title, the scene is laid in Venice, at the time of her hard struggle against the coalition of Hungary, Padua and Genoa. The story traces the adventures of Francis Hammond, who is, as may be supposed, an English boy, though afterward admitted to Venetian citizenship. He has all the generous qualities with which this author likes to endow his intrepid young heroes. It is a delight to follow this admirable youth through a series of daring exploits and hairbreadth escapes, fascinated by the rapid narrative, and always supported by a boundless confidence in the ability of Francis to rescue the imprisoned maidens, or circumvent the pirate Ruggiero, or contrive his own escape and that of his comrades from their Genoese captors. Yet even this confidence cannot blunt the reader's thrill of joyful surprise when these escaped prisoners, under the direction of Francis, not only regain possession of their own ship, but immediately make three other vessels their prizes. 'The Lion of St. Mark was hoisted to the mainmast of the Pluto, and three similar banners were run up by the other vessels, the crews shouting and cheering with wild enthusiasm.' Ah! that is something like a hero, and if we were a few years younger, we should shout and cheer with wild enthusiasm ourselves. 'The Lion of St. Mark' is a gallant book, and happy is the lad who owns it. It is furnished with good illustrations by Gordon Brown. (\$2. Scribner & Welford.)

"Little Helpers"

THE WELL-ILLUSTRATED story of 'Little Helpers,' by the favorite author of 'The Dead Doll, and Other Poems,' is much above the average Christmas book for the children, and will live far beyond the holidays. Johnny Leslie is the hero of the book, but Tiny, his sister, and Mamma, and Veronica, the doll-baby, figure largely in this picture of the daily life in an average American home. The story is one of this very day—the mother is busy, nervous, modern in ideas and vocabulary; and Johnny is a typical American schoolboy, who knows the Declaration of Independence, and lives in a city house in which are pianos and furnace heat, while their summer pleasures and outings are those of last August. In this era of nerves and insomnia, and excess of engagements, the moral of the book—a moral which no boy, except possibly one of Henry James's, could discover, but which all city parents can see at once—is a good one. The author, Margaret Vandegrift, shows how the small boy can be a veritable ally to his mother, and the children 'little helpers' who can easily and largely assist in making home attractive. Scores of clever pictures show that the artists have studied the text. (\$1.50. Ticknor & Co.)

Minor Notices of Books for the Young

WE EXPRESS our delight at the further adventures of 'Jack Hall.' This time we have them under the title of 'Jack in the Bush'; and Mr. Robert Grant has told us what he knows about salmon-fishing and canoeing, in such an enticing fashion that one feels that the only rational way for man or boy to spend his summer vacation is to betake himself to the Canadian woods and do likewise. In this case six schoolboys are piloted off to this happy fishing-ground, where all the choicest prizes of nature await their skill, and the salmon always rise to the occasion. It would be difficult, indeed, to find a more attractive manual on fishing and canoeing than this same volume, in spite of its juvenile guise—or perhaps we should say because of that characteristic. (\$1. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co.)

EVEN THE CHILDREN in story-books show us how fast time flies, and how old we are getting to be. 'Little Miss Weezy's Brother,' by Penn Shirley, is the title of a new tale of the quaint sayings of that little maiden, and she herself is now so aged (five years) that she has assumed the dignified name of Louise, and scorns to be called 'Weezy' any longer, though let us hope it will always remain the distinguishing title of the stories of her juvenile relationships and adventures. (75 cts. Lee & Shepard.) — 'The Stories Mother Nature told her Children,' by Jane Andrews, is one of those agreeable little volumes that are so pleasant to have about one at home, or to carry away in summer. It tells some of nature's quiet laws and habits of sea and land, and will help supplement the imperfect knowledge that we cannot conceal before the scrutinizing questions of childhood. The book is written with delicate fancy and sweetness of style. (\$1. Lee & Shepard.)

'A START IN LIFE,' by J. T. Trowbridge, is the story of the courageous and primitive start of many an American man—that of felling trees in a new settlement. Western local history is full of the legends of men starting their business career in debt for the boots they wore, and in a few years owning pretty much all the land in town. That young Westlake, the hero, had adventures of all sorts with bees, burglars and bears is one of the virtues of the story. — 'BIDING HIS TIME,' by the same author, is the story of a hero who left his Ohio home to go East and make his abode with an uncle reputed rich. The glow of anticipated luxury faded from the lad's eyes when he saw the hovel where his miser uncle lived. The biding his time was not exactly for the gingerly old man's gold, though indirectly the hero made money out of his Eastern adventure, but for the clearing up of the mystery of some stolen money whose disappearance had been laid to his charge. Both the books are vigorous little tales of boyhood's sagacity and good fortune. (\$1 each. Lee & Shepard.)

SO FAR AS PICTURES, paper, print and binding go, Mr. Warren F. Kellogg's 'Hunting in the Jungle' is all right, and is hereby commended to young and old. The scores of illustrations are in themselves 'worth the price of the book,' but the facts alleged in the hodge-podge of text are shaky, and the natural history not beyond question. The chapters take us pretty much all over the uncivilized world, the trail of the writer following the electrotypers sort to be commended to the imitation of boys. If, however, the end in a wild fashion. Further, the morals of the book are hardly of a to be attained by purchasers is amusement only, the book is among the best for sensational effect. Even the jaded appetite of Young America may be stimulated afresh as he reads the chapters devoted to gorillas, and the attempt of their human captor to bring up baby gorillas, and other hairy and handed beasts of the species in which modern naturalists reckon man also. (\$1. Estes & Lauriat.)

WHAT GIRL will not be glad to hear that the author of the 'Katy' books has published another volume, called 'Clover.' It is a continuation of the fortunes of the Carr family, and is as full of sweet domestic relationships and entertaining girlish adventures as its mates have been. Miss Coolidge has always possessed the affection of her young readers, for it seems as if she had the happy instinct of planning stories that each girl would like to act out in reality. What if her characters appear mythically unselfish to 'grown-ups' and life to wear always the roseate hue of sentiment? They are good ideals to put before girls. (\$1.25. Roberts Bros.)

WE HAVE NOT HAD a more artistically gotten up book in our hands of late than Frank Cowper's 'Captain of the Wight.' It is a romance of Carisbrooke Castle in 1488, and the author has made industrious efforts to render the book a faithful record of the martial, domestic and social life of the time. In spite of its abundant incident, it seems burthened with categorical and descriptive accounts of manners and customs, which obscure somewhat the spirited pictures the author intended to present. The pressure of historically important forms of speech and address has caused him unwittingly to sacrifice the reader's interest. Perhaps Sir Walter alone possessed the gift of instructing while giving an unchallenged impression of entertainment. 'The Captain of the Wight' is, however, a more than commonly good book, and its historical accuracy is unquestionable. (\$1.50. E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

THE ADVENTURES of English buccaneers after Spanish gold and treasure in the Seventeenth Century is a favorite field for storytellers; and in 'Carried Off,' Miss Esmé Stuart, a successful English writer for the young, has told the fortunes of a youthful British yeoman who is captured on his father's farm and made to figure prominently in an expedition of this kind. The ship sets sail for the West Indies, intent on robbing whatever ports offered

the richest plunder. The resistance of some noble Spanish children, escape of the yeoman's son from the pirates, and his successful return to England, furnish the plot of a story that is full of action and brightness. (90 cts. T. Whittaker.)

HAPPY THE PERIOD that has for its romancer Frances Mary Peard, and happy the child that gets the romance to read. 'To Horse and Away' is a story of some English lads and maidens in the disorderly times of 1652, when the Roundheads had usurped the government, Charles II. was in hiding, and most of his loyal supporters were refugees in France. Whether the restless Adrian, who stole away one dark night from the Red House to go off to fight for the King, did more important service than the more self-controlled Roger, who staid at home and guarded the women and children, each boy must determine for himself, according to his temperament. The story is told with great activity and naturalness. (\$1.05. Thomas Whittaker.)

ALMOST ANY ONE of the ragged young newsboys that we see in the streets may be a 'Little Joe,' who lives in a dry-goods box and has for bosom friend a little wounded dog. They may be 'Little Joes'; but it is safest to keep one's illusions to oneself and not try any experiments, for it is our common belief that guileless, self-sacrificing, clean-mouthed newsboys like the hero of Mr. James Otis's latest book are hard to find. However, the children who read the story will sympathize with the generous deeds of 'Little Joe' and agree that he got no more than he deserved when fortune turned her face toward him and gave him the fresh air of farm life to grow up in. (\$1. D. Lothrop Co.)

'DADDY'S BOY' was certainly a remarkable and lovable little fellow, and if grown people tried half as hard to understand children and interpret their actions charitably as he did the crochets of his elders, a good deal of the friction in families might be spared. Daddy's Boy was a veritable hero-worshipper. He idealized the whole family, from his irascible gouty uncle, the Major, to the stiff, bustling governess, who misunderstood him so wretchedly. We think the author, L. T. Meade, has made a real creation in child literature, and the brave little lad who endeavored so faithfully to follow out the line of conduct which he believed his father would have wished, is a very winning picture for big or little. (White & Allen.)

AN ATTRACTIVE BOOK of rhymes for children is 'Over the Hills,' by E. L. Shute, prettily illustrated, partly in monotint and partly in delicate colors, by Jessie Watkins. There is the usual number of quaintly arrayed childish figures, the usual decorative peacock-feathers and baby-house bits of landscape. In the verses appear some pleasant touches of humor—such as the speculations of the young rabbit concerning the singular and apparently earless creatures, without fur, who have disturbed him; the puzzle presented to the little girl by the river which is always running away, yet paradoxically stays behind, being found ever in the same place; and the 'making up' of the small brother and sister, after a serious quarrel in which he had asserted that her doll had green eyes, and she had retorted that his wooden horse was blue, and hadn't much of a mane. (\$2. F. Warne & Co.)

The first point that catches one's attention in glancing over the two bound volumes of *St. Nicholas* for the past year is the lavish expenditure of time, thought and money for the delectation and improvement of the very young. In its less than a decade of existence, the magazine has established a hold upon its youthful clientele that is, if we except one other juvenile paper, unrivaled. Lieutenant Schwatka, Frank Stockton, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Rollins, Mrs. Pennell, Miss Thomas, Miss Perry, Prof. Boyesen, Richard M. Johnston, Louisa M. Alcott, Louise Chandler Moulton, Celia Thaxter, Margaret Deland, and John G. Whittier, lend their names to a list of contributors that might be extended almost *ad infinitum*. For the young folk whose eyes have not been gladdened by the monthly appearances of the magazine, we suggest the volumes before us as an exceptional Christmas gift. (2 vols. \$2 each.)

Harper's Young People, which appears once a week, like *The Youth's Companion*, instead of once a month, like *Wide Awake* and *St. Nicholas*, appeals to a younger band of readers than the latter magazine, and is capitally edited for its special patrons. The bound volume for 1888 is a fat and generous tome—almost too big, indeed, for comfortable handling,—and packed from title-page to *finis* with diverting tales of travel and adventure, short stories, humorous verses, pictures by the score, songs set to music, puzzles, charades, even a post office, all put together most temptingly. The frontispiece is a bright page in colors, by Rosina Emmett Sher-

wood; and a most appropriate portrait for a child's paper is that of the infant King of Spain in the arms of his mother. (\$3.50.)

'A QUEER LITTLE PRINCESS,' by Frances Eaton, is a clever tale for children, which misses fire because of a certain sketchiness of style blurring the outline of the story. The charm of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' of which this book is evidently a follower, is its extreme simplicity, and the fact that the limpid phraseology employed enables even the youngest reader to follow the story comprehendingly. It is easy to see the good intention of the several characters around the Little Princess, and there is no little 'fun' to be had from some of the situations they present. (\$1.50. D. Lothrop Co.)

AS REGULARLY as Christmas come the crude but long familiar boards of *Chatterbox*, and enclosing a gift that always finds a hearty welcome. This time-honored magazine got an impregnable footing in *cis-Atlantic* nurseries in the days when we had nothing of our own that filled the same place. In illustrations and typography it is now left far behind by its younger rivals, yet in its literature there is a simple and natural tone that insures its popularity. The bound volume for 1888 is not inferior to its predecessors in interest. (\$1.75. Estes & Lauriat.)

The Little One's Annual, edited by 'Oliver Optic,' is filled with pictures of children in boats, or bused in other childish pastimes than boating, and birds, insects, beasts and wild animals furnish the motives for innumerable other illustrations. St. John Harper, A. S. Cox, F. S. Church, Maud Humphrey, and Lizbeth B. Comins are some of the artists, and among the authors represented are Clara Doty Bates, Josephine Pollard, Marion Douglas, Sydney Dayre, Kate Clark and Laura Richards. (\$2.25. Estes & Lauriat.)

The feature of *Worthington's Annual* for 1889 is, as usual, its profusion of pictures. In its 215 pages there are upwards of 500 illustrations, with a series of very brief stories about them. (\$1.50.)

The Magazines

A FLAVOR of holly and mistletoe pervades the magazines this month, as 'ever 'gainst that season comes wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated'—a flavor unmistakably perceptible in *Harper's*, whose December issue is always a distinctively Yule-tide number. This characteristic may not be so strongly marked this year as usual, but 'A Christmas Mystery in the Fifteenth Century,' by Theodore Child; Miss Grace King's 'Story of a Country Church'; 'The Last Mass,' by Walter Besant; the sermon by the Easy Chair, which has for its text 'Love Makes Christmas all the Year'; the Study on 'Christmas Literature' and the 'Lesson of the new Christmas Literature,' together with 'Some Yule-Tide Don'ts' in the Drawer, give not a slight Christmas coloring to the pages. Mr. Child's paper, illuminated by the suggestive drawings of L. O. Merson, will both surprise and delight those who are unfamiliar with the history of the mediæval miracle and mystery plays—who have got their ideas of the early European stage from the barn-storming traditions of the age of Shakspeare, and know nothing of the splendid *mise en scène* and elaborate 'properties' in use before the time of Molière or the Elizabethan dramatists. Mr. Besant's story is a stirring tale of the period of the Spanish Armada, told in the archaic tongue that Mr. Stevenson speaks so skilfully, and sprinkled plentifully, as nearly all the papers are, with illustrations. Mr. Howells is represented in a demi-farce called 'A Likely Story,' in which he adroitly tangles up a lot of people over a love-letter, and as skilfully untangles them again. 'The Front Yard' is an odd sort of story by Miss Woolson, who transplants a Yankee woman to Assisi in the train of a relative, marries her to a handsome Italian waiter, some years her junior, kills off the latter, and follows the heroine to her pitiful death, after years of quiet, unselfish renunciation for her husband's family. 'Sosrus Dismal' is a weird and highly imaginative creation by William W. Archer, with reminiscences of the Dismal Swamp and African blacknesses, and a dénouement intense as it is strange and original. 'Fragile,' as its sub-title defines it, is 'An Out-door Sketch of Brittany,' written and illustrated by George H. Boughton; and 'A Midnight Ramble,' by Hamilton Gibson, with engravings from his own drawings, is a botanical paper on flowers that bloom after sundown. George W. Sheldon has an article on F. S. Church, whose 'Viking's Daughter' furnishes the frontispiece; while Mr. Aldrich's lines 'At a Reading'; Mr. Stedman's spirited ballad of 'Morgan'; Miss Anna D. Ludlow's 'Soul Drama,' with illustrations by Vedder and J. Alden Weir, and 'The Men of the Alamo,' by James Jeffrey Roche, furnish the number with its poetry.

Mr. Stevenson in *Scribner's*, to quote his own words, takes his 'leave in a formal and seasonable manner,' for he bids his readers who have been following him for a twelvemonth, sometimes

in disagreement but always with pleasure, a graceful farewell in a few words, and ends his essays with 'A Christmas Sermon.' The frontispiece, a snowy, leafless landscape, accompanies the leading article of the number, which shows the Adirondacks in their winter phases, and presents a very different aspect of Lake Placid and the North Woods from that which lingers in the memory of the tourist who shoots in the one and rows over the other in the summer. The paper is written by Hamilton Wright Mabie, and the illustrations are from the pencils of Hamilton Gibson and other well-known artists. In 'Squire Five Fathom' we have one of Mr. Bunner's short stories, in his happiest vein of pathos and humor; 'At the Station' is a tale of North Carolina, from the pen of Rebecca Hardinge Davis; 'Three Bad Men' is a story of love and mystery, by W. M. Taber; and 'The Roses of the Seafar' is another graceful little love-story, by John J. à Becket, of a Spanish nobleman who told his passion for the heroine in the language of the flowers. Regret will be generally felt that the 'Memories' of Lester Wallack are so abruptly ended. In this last instalment there is a portrait of the actor seated on the verandah of his country home at Stamford. It is impossible to realize that the bowed, listless figure is that of the Wallack we all remember as the handsome Don Ceasar or the dashing Eliot Gray. Joe Jefferson, Sothern, Tom Taylor, Montague, Conway, Couldock and Macready are among the 'old familiar faces' which are conjured up, most of them, alas! from the grave. 'The Master of Ballantrae' grows in interest, and bids fair to rival 'Kidnapped,' and 'Treasure Island.' Two readable art articles will be found in 'Old Glass in New Windows,' by Will Low, and in the review of Botticelli's canvases and frescoes, by George Hitchcock, the illustrative work of which is done by the same hand. 'The Lion of the Nile' is a vigorous poem, after the manner of Story's 'Cleopatra,' and on the same subject, wonderfully strong in many of its lines and often gorgeous in its coloring, for which Vedder (and who more fit?) has made the drawings. 'The Dead Nymph,' by Charles Henry Lüders; 'Through a Glass Darkly,' by Ellen M. H. Gates; and 'When Love Passed By,' by Solomon Solis-Cohen, are all admirable in their different ways.

The subject of W. J. Stillman's art paper in *The Century* is Duccio, who seems to have begun each day with worship, as Fra Angelico prayed before taking up his brush. There is too little known of the life of this early painter, but that little has been carefully prepared by Mr. Stillman for the magazine, and with Mr. Cole's notes it makes delightful as well as instructive reading-matter. Three full-page reproductions of the artist's work appear, engraved by Mr. Cole from the Opera del Duomo at Siena. Mr. Kennan's paper, which follows, offers a striking contrast to the quiet, prayerful life-story of a religious painter. The 'Life on the Great Siberian Road,' which he portrays in this instalment, is filled with the same hopeless, pitiable pictures of labor and hardship that one finds in the writings not only of Stepiak but of the Russian novelists. Mr. George R. Parkin, whose enjoyable paper on Uppingham School will be remembered, writes this month of 'The Reorganization of the British Empire,' and Mr. Edward L. Wilson contributes one of his Oriental articles, 'From Sinai to Shechem.' The signature of Julian Hawthorne is always welcome at the end of a short story, for it is in this branch of literature that he is at his best. 'The Third of March' is the title of the present sketch—a strong, psychological study of the sort of theme dear to both the Hawthornes. Mr. James's picture of London is another of his 'portraits of places'; in it he analyzes the heart of the great smoky city, as if she were the heroine of one of his international novels. Many may disagree with his estimate of the British Capital, but they will none the less enjoy the article. 'The Romance of Dillard' still keeps the promise of its first pages, and like Mr. Cable's continued Louisiana tales is a most effectual time-killer. Mr. George H. Jessop has a sketch called 'The Rise and Fall of the Irish Aigle'; Hopkinson Smith a short story of 'A White Umbrella in Mexico'; the Lincoln History deals with the first plans for emancipation; the 'Last Manuscript of Henry Ward Beecher,' a page of which is facsimiled, relates to his first trip to England, and accompanying it is a paper by Dr. J. M. Buckley, on 'Beecher at Liverpool in '63.' James Whitcomb Riley sings a dialect Christmas song; and there are also a few delicate lines by R. H. Stoddard telling—or not telling—'How my Song is Wrought.'

We felt, not long ago, that *The Atlantic* was growing a trifle monotonous and wearisome, but it has become impossible to hold longer to that opinion. The December issue is full of interest, the fifteen titles upon its cover indicating, almost without exception, matter that will be read with hearty pleasure. Among the best 'features' of recent date are Prof. Hardy's serial, 'Passe Rose,' and Mr. W. R. Thayer's papers on Italian statesmen. Prof. Hardy's story is amply redeeming the promises made for it; it shows the same delicacy of feeling, the same charm of diction and style that

marked 'But Yet a Woman' and 'The Wind of Destiny.' Mr. Thayer supplements the paper on the patriot's early days with one on 'The Close of Garibaldi's Career,' imbued with the same sympathy with his subject and the same insight into character, that we have before remarked. In 'Urbs Aniae' the two writers who shield their identity behind the signatures 'H. W. P. and 'L. D.' review the life and poetry of Rutilius, Prefect of Rome, who sang of the 'Eternal City' as poets after him have never ceased to do, who have lived about her 'seven hills' and yielded themselves to her insidious domination over the heart. 'A Devil's Passage' is the title of a short, ingenious story by Louise Stockton, with a mild suggestion of Poe in the conception, skilfully worked out, and possessing not a little of the originality and trickery of surprise that made such a 'hit' of her brother's tale, 'The Lady or the Tiger?' Miss Susan Coolidge's sketch of a 'Convent School of the Last Century' is a delightful paper, made out of the time-stained leaves of the diary of a noble pupil, the Princesse Massalski. It recounts in a vivid and amusing manner the school-life in the old Abbaye aux Bois. Mr. Henry A. Clapp's tribute to William Warren is just and appreciative of the man as well as of the artist. 'His range as a comedian has certainly not been surpassed upon the English or American stage,' he remarks—an estimate to which many will not subscribe; but no one will deny the dead actor the gifts of humor and pathos. Miss Murfree's 'Depot of Broomsedge Cove' is concluded.

Matthew Arnold

HE wandered from us long, oh, long ago,
Rare singer, with the note unsatisfied;
Into what charm'd wood, what shade star-eyed
With the wind's April darlings, none may know.
We lost him. Songless, one with seed to sow,
Keen-smiling toiler, came in place, and plied
His strength in furrowed field till eventide,
And passed, to slumber, in the afterglow.
But now,—as though Death spoke some mystic word
Solving a spell,—present to thought appears
Morning's estray, not him we saw but late;
And on his lips the strain that once we heard,
And in his hand, cool as with Springtime's tears,
The melancholy wood-flowers delicate.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

Sun and Star

AS IN MIDSUMMER from a cloudless sky
The sun looks pitilessly down at noon,
And men cease laboring, and all things swoon
That find no covert from his killing eye;
Or as at nightfall in the long July
The constellations and the crescent moon
Bring to the parch'd earth the healing boon
Of gentle airs, and shadows broad that lie
In benediction on the sleeping land,—
So shine my lady's eyes: now fierce to slay—
Flaming, implacable, a wielded brand;
Now mild as that one star which leads the way
And ushers in the innumerable band
Of lesser lights that own the moon's soft sway.

RANDALL BLACKSHAW.

Opening of the Opera Season

THE FIFTH regular subscription season of grand opera in German at the Metropolitan Opera House had its beginning on Wednesday of last week, and up to Thursday last, Meyerbeer's 'Huguenots,' Wagner's 'Lohengrin,' Rossini's 'William Tell' and Beethoven's 'Fidelio' had been heard. The opening had been delayed two weeks longer than last year, partly to escape the excitement of the political campaign, partly to accommodate the box-holders who this year were a little later than usual in returning to their city homes. The representations thus far have been attended by splendid assemblages, and so far as external evidences go they have given pretty general satisfaction. This might be held to argue that the musical taste of the community is under-

going a healthful change, were not the proofs too numerous that other than artistic considerations underlie the favor which the opera enjoys. Of sound and judicious expressions of judgment, few are to be heard in the boxes or lobbies of the opera house, and memories of the operatic *régimes* of the past were called up last Monday evening when the heartiest (or at least loudest) applause heard this season was evoked by the high notes of the new tenor, Perotti, in 'William Tell.' Meanwhile a most finished and sympathetic piece of work in the part of Joseph Beck, a baritone, received not a hand. This is not the lesson which the friends of German opera had hoped the institution would inculcate, but it may have had some justification in the circumstance that tenors endowed with half a dozen notes above the staff have become such rare birds of late, that New Yorkers may rightly rejoice now that one has been caged for their delectation. After all has been said, there is some satisfaction in feeling that the approach of a high B or C can be looked forward to without apprehension.

The company engaged by Mr. Stanton this year has many new faces in it, and as a rule they are not comely. There is one notable exception in Fräulein Bettaque, who made a decidedly good impression as Elsa in 'Lohengrin.' She disclosed many graces of person, voice and action, and will doubtless win much favor in the season before her. The dramatic singer, Frau Moran-Olden, of the municipal theatre of Leipzig, belongs to that class of serviceable singers who are now engaged in Germany as musical maids of all work. The class has been created by the exigencies of the operatic career in Germany. She is a famous interpreter of Wagner's heroic rôles, yet she first bowed to our public as Valentine, and has it within her, it is said, to sing Rosina at a moment's notice. Her merits are incontestable and of a high order. So far as volume of tone is concerned, she has no rival in our memory, and her voice is of excellent fibre, though we imagine that it was originally a contralto and has been forced up. Her Wagnerian training has taught her to strive first for dramatic expression, and this, probably, has made her indifferent to some things which mar her singing from the purely musical point of view. Among other new comers who have given pleasure, and promise more, are Fräulein Koschotska, mezzo-soprano, and Herr Beck, the baritone, already mentioned. Mr. Stanton has not been happy in the choice of his contralto.

The Nineteenth Century Club

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLUB has now organized for the winter. Mr. D. G. Thompson is its President, and among the Vice-Presidents are Parke Godwin, Andrew Carnegie, Brander Matthews, Moncure Conway, Edgar Fawcett, Mrs. John Sherwood, the Marchioness Lanza, Mrs. Botta and Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi. The Club has recently printed a list of the lectures and debates since its foundation, six years ago, by the late Courtlandt Palmer. Among those who have appeared before it as lecturers are Dr. Holmes, Prof. Sumner, Mr. Cable, Judge Barrett, Dr. Waldstein, Dr. Damrosch, Judge Noah Davis, Col. Higginson, President Eliot, Prof. John Fiske, Edward Atkinson, and Prof. Boyesen. The programme for the present season shows that the management of the Club, while liberal, is disposed to waste no time on cranks or quacks. 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good,' is still its motto. At the meeting on Wednesday, Dec. 12, Dr. D. G. Brinton of the University of Pennsylvania will speak on 'The Aims and Tracts of a World Language,' and in the debate afterward Prof. Sprague will advocate Volapük and Prof. Melville Bell World-English. At the next meeting the lecturer will be City Chamberlain William M. Ivins, who will discuss a subject of great present pertinence, 'Practical Politics,' and two practical politicians will take part in the debate. In January Mr. Bronson Howard will speak on 'Dramatic Construction,' and Mr. A. M. Palmer will be one of the de-

baters. In February, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page will discuss the 'New Southern Literature,' and Mr. R. W. Gilder and Mr. H. C. Bunner will take part in the discussion. In March Mr. B. F. Underwood of Chicago will consider the 'Relations of Ethics and Religion.' Before his return to France, M. Coquelin will lecture on 'Molière and Shakspeare,' and on this occasion the proceedings will be wholly in French. Mr. Brander Matthews (the Vice-President designated to represent the President in his absence) will preside, and Gen. Porter and Mr. Coudert will take part in the debate.

International Copyright

FROM the report recently submitted by Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, Treasurer, it appears that the receipts of the Copyright League for the fiscal year ending Nov. 1, 1888 (in addition to the balance of \$125.69 on hand Nov. 1, 1887) were \$5808.18, making \$5933.87 in all. The Authors' Readings in this city last winter netted \$4015.55, and those in Washington \$667.73. On Nov. 1, 1888, the Treasurer's balance was \$1799.02. We quote the closing paragraph of the annual report submitted by the Secretary, Mr. George Walton Green :

The Committee and Council of the League earnestly request that every member, as well as every other person in the United States who favors the introduction of an International Copyright Law, will communicate at once with the Member of Congress from his district, urging him to favor an early consideration of the bill. The reports that we have secured from Members of Congress all show that the bill has a capital chance of passage, if it can only be reached before the session ends. There never has been a time in the history of the movement in behalf of International Copyright when the chance of success was so good; and if all who are interested will take pains to make their interest known to Members of the National Legislature, the Council feel confident that the measure will become a law.

The Lounger

IN A LETTER to *The Tribune*, Mr. Edmund Yates denies that the late Mr. George Venables was the original of Thackeray's Warrington.

I should say that if any man could be called the original of Warrington, it was Mr. William Bolland, son of Baron Bolland, who was one of Thackeray's most intimate friends for several years before and after the publication of 'Pendennis.' Bolland very likely gave Thackeray an idea for several traits in Warrington, and was certainly the original of Fred. Bayham in 'The Newcomes.' It is probable that the higher characteristics in Warrington were drawn by Thackeray from his ideal of himself, while Bolland was responsible for the Bohemian side of the character.

I should have thought that if any literary fact was clearly established, it was the identity of Warrington. If he was not drawn from the late George Moreland Crawford, Paris correspondent of the London *News*, then no testimony, not even that of his creator, is trustworthy; for in a letter to Crawford, Thackeray indicated very clearly that he had the journalist in his mind, to the exclusion of any one else, except possibly himself, when he drew the character that has been so greatly admired. Crawford's widow, by the way, succeeded her husband as a Paris correspondent, and is one of the best known members of the guild.

IT IS WONDERFUL what one can do when buoyed up by enthusiasm, how hard one can work when working in the line of his sympathies. For example, I have just heard of two young American women who are studying art in Paris. They were making a comfortable income at home, but became dissatisfied with the quality of their art work. They felt, too, that they needed a new and a more artistic atmosphere; so they packed their bags and took the steamer for France. All the money they had was in their pockets, and as they wanted to stay in Paris at least a year, they knew they could only do so by the most rigid economy. A letter from one of them, written in the best of spirits, tells how they lodge in cheap apartments and get their own meals. Their early breakfast is a light one, and dinner is eaten as early as five, so that they may be at no expense for luncheon. At eight o'clock they go to bed, to save lights and fuel. Wherever they go, they walk, and they have not yet been inside of a theatre; but they take a penny paper so that they can keep the run of the 'free shows,' as they call them. These include the picture galleries, the churches, the public gardens, the boulevards and the Bois—all Paris, in short;

and they are happy. After a year's study (and I hear that they are making gratifying progress in their art), they will come home with an experience that no money could buy from them.

IT IS A MONTH or more since we have seen anything cooler than the following circular, sent lately to the newspapers by a minor publishing-house 'of Philadelphia, Chicago and Kansas City':

If it please you to insert the enclosed announcement of _____ in your excellent journal, and forward us marked copy, we will mail you on receipt of same, a copy of this charming book, _____. Please insert at once if at all.

I don't care to receive a copy of the book, though I 'insert at once' the 'enclosed announcement'—shorn of its proper names:

This is the airy, stinging title of another sprightly amusing book by _____. It is one of the _____ series, and similar to its companion _____, of which we told you recently. This is one of the funniest and brightest books for youngsters we have ever seen. The illustrations are splendid and will make the boys and girls roar with laughter. The *Boston Budget* says: 'as a holiday book nothing could be more appropriate, since nothing could confer greater pleasure upon the little ones.' The *National Republican* says: 'Every page is a picture and all the text music, a fountain of fun, never ceasing. It will make young eyes blaze.'

It will make old eyes 'blaze,' to read a proposition to respectable newspapers that they shall print a 'puff' of a book they haven't seen, as a condition precedent to receiving a copy of it. Chicago and Kansas City owe a grudge to the Philadelphia firm that links their names with such a feeble attempt at bribery.

NOTICES WERE RECENTLY sent to members of the Century and the Players Clubs of the falling due of the semi-annual dues, in each instance \$20, and in each case the notice was headed with an appropriate quotation from Shakspeare. The Century's was 'Pay the petty debt twenty,' from 'The Merchant of Venice'; the other club's 'Be the players ready?' from 'Hamlet.' Yet nothing will convince Mr. Howells that people read Shakspeare nowadays! Certainly he is more quoted, consciously or unconsciously, than he is read. The Players' house, by the way, is getting on well, and will probably be ready for occupancy by New Year's Eve.

DR. E. W. HAZELTINE, of Jamestown, N. Y., sends THE CRITIC this letter, which I print as a literary curiosity:

Two years ago I wrote a book (560 octavo pages) *every word with a pencil laying flat on my back*. Am an invalid—for years have slept but an hour or two in 24—and am now so blind I cannot read what I have here written. *Paper, topography and binding of book first class.* 'The Early History of the Town of Ellicott,' of which Jamestown is the seat. The book is highly praised by old settlers here, of which I am one. Many who were never here speak highly of it. I suppose as a literary effort it is a *curiosity*.

The italics are Dr. Hazeltine's.

'TO WHAT BASE USES!' I clip from *The Tribune* the following 'special' from Pittsburg:

In the case of Amandus Dosan, steward of the Washington Irving Literary Society, who was tried before Judge Ewing, on a charge of selling liquor without a license, preferred by County Agent McCall, the jury to-day returned a verdict of guilty. Judge Ewing instructed the jury that the society in question had no more legal right, under its charter, to sell liquors, than a society incorporated for religious purposes would have. The verdict is generally regarded as a fatal blow at the 'drinking clubs, and numerous suits will probably follow against those organizations.'

If this does not prove that Irving is still widely read, it shows at least that his name is a name to conjure with even among the bibulous clubmen of the Iron City.

SO THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY is really to follow the march of business, and go up town. It will be some time before the first step is taken. The directors are in no hurry to go, and as they have already secured a site, they take no risk of a rise in the price of real estate. Thirty-seventh Street and Broadway is the selected spot, and it will no doubt accommodate the Library's patrons better than the present situation. The *habitués* of the reading-room won't like it so much. They were very much 'disgruntled' when the old room on the second floor of Clinton Hall was replaced by one on the third. I don't know what they will say when it is moved to Thirty-seventh Street, though they will soon grow accustomed to the change.

CLINTON HALL is one of the most interesting and attractive old buildings in New York. When our grandmothers were young it was the Astor Place Opera House; there Macready and other famous

actors played, and there the famous Astor Place riots occurred. In the cellar of what is now the bookstore of John Wiley & Sons, the English Macready hid from the mob that wanted to offer him up as a sacrifice to the American tragedian, Edwin Forrest. Those were the much-talked of 'palmy days' of the drama, when the Bowery was as interested in the stage as Broadway was, and emphasized its interest with brick-bats and clubs when occasion required.

IT IS ANNOUNCED that Mme. Modjeska is making preparations for a 'farewell' tour of the United States. This will be Mme. Modjeska's first 'farewell' tour, and from what I know of the lady I should say that it would be her last, if she so announces it. It is, however, very hard for an actress to give up her profession before she is really incapacitated for it. As far as her age goes, Mme. Modjeska still has many years of fine work before her, but she feels that she has earned the right to a long rest. She is a woman who throws herself body and soul into her art, and the excitement of it is very wearing to a person so high-strung. The 'farewell' tour is not to be made until next year, it is said; it will last thirty weeks, and in its course the great actress will be seen in all the parts she has made peculiarly her own by her sympathetic and powerful interpretation.

APROPOS of a paragraph I printed last week, a correspondent writes:

One of Gladstone's earliest books, *i. e.*, bits of bookmaking, was 'Prayers arranged from the Liturgy for Family Use.' The advt. before me (1852) announces its second edition, price half a crown. Nearly thirty years later he apologized to Lord Beaconsfield for having publicly hinted that the then Premier was possessed by a demon.

Apropos of nothing, he adds:

Canon Knox-Little is one of England's great church preachers. He is to 'hold forth' at Trinity daily next week. He is of the monkish pulpit type, ponderous, powerful, wonderful in sustained force of fine rhetoric. His is one of the three voices that can rivet five thousand people daily in St. Paul's Cathedral. He uses no notes, though the sermon sounds like a book.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

AT A social reunion at the Academy of Design, last week, Col. Rush C. Hawkins, the American Art Commissioner of the Paris Exposition next year, was the guest of the evening. The proposed display of American art at the Exposition was discussed. The jury consists of J. G. Brown, Augustus St. Gaudens, F. D. Millet, Thomas Moran, Bolton Jones, William Hart, Kenyon Cox, George W. Maynard, Carroll Beckwith, Edgar M. Ward, William A. Coffin, Jervis McEntee, Worthington Whittredge, Alden Weir, Walter Shirlaw, Thomas Hovenden of Philadelphia, and Thomas Allen of Boston. Another jury will be chosen at Paris to coöperate with the New York jury, and special jurors will be appointed to represent other branches of art, such as architecture, engraving on metal, etc.

—The sales at the National Academy of Design amount to \$920. William Harnett's 'Sunday Dinner' brought \$1000.

—At the monthly meeting of the Architectural League on Monday evening, December 3d, Mr. Russell Sturgis read a paper on 'Architecture without Decorative Art.' In the afternoon, the residence of Mr. Whitelaw Reid (one of the Villard houses in Madison Avenue) had been visited by the members of the League.

—The American Water-Color Exhibition will open at the National Academy of Design on Feb. 4 and close on March 2. Mrs. Frank Leslie has withdrawn her prize of \$300.

—The Stebbins collection will be sold at Chickering Hall early in February, after exhibition at the American Art Galleries.

—A group of 'Panther and Cubs' by Edward Kemeys, is a striking work, which suggests, like so many of this artist's productions, the pre-historic American sculptures. It is full of life and movement, even sentiment, and is modelled with a firm nervous touch.

—The Bassett collection of seventy-nine pictures, sold last week at the Fifth Avenue Auction rooms, brought \$3186.50.

—A portrait by Gilbert Stuart, now on exhibition at Cottier's, was painted in England in 1780, and is the portrait of an English squire, with ruddy face, brown eyes, and powdered hair, in a gray coat with buff waistcoat.

—The Haseltine collection of paintings, on view at the Leonard Gallery in Broadway for several days before the auction-sale on Tuesday, included several ambitious groups by Tissot, in the manner of Jean Béraud, a good Schreyer, several small but fine examples of Alfred Stevens, a large and good Corcos, a Volland, a Rotta,

and other works of merit, some of which have already been seen at New York.

Barbara through a Quizzing-Glass

[*The Saturday Review*]

AFTER all the monstrous deal of talk over the new American novel, 'The Quick or the Dead?' an insular reader is apt to be disappointed by the book. At last it has been published (cost you sixpence) by Messrs. Routledge, and is now within the reach of the humblest purse and the least experienced curiosity. And, after all, it is only the old, old passionate 'business,' which any one can study for himself in Miss Broughton's early novels. Perhaps 'The Quick or the Dead?' is more like the parodies than the originals of these romances; but the arms, the shoulders, the lips; the kisses; the straining, clinging embraces; the wild, weird, tear-fraught eyes; the romping, and the rest of it, are after the ancient pattern.

Barbara Pomfret was the widow of Valentine Pomfret, a widow but recently bereaved. She had an elastic night-cool cheek. Mr. Pomfret had been accustomed to tell her that her curled lips were a cup, and her breath wine, and that they made him drunk, drunk. She was eternally posturing, dashing herself about, giggling hysterically, and striking attitudes, like a queen in a Greek play, over her marriage-bed. She sometimes drank three cups of tea, and ate two partridges, together with numberless biscuits, for supper. She met her husband's cousin, Jock Dering, and nestled in his arms in a storm, and he told her that she was a great, golden, uncanny thing. Style appears to have run in this gentleman's family, as wicket-keeping does in others, because the late Mr. Pomfret's remarks, as reported, were similar in character. Mrs. Pomfret was all eyes, and a blowze of red-gold hair. She played her *Graces* in the hall on a wet day with Jock, and, as the Piper said, 'it was not in nature there should not be kissing.' Kissing there was. It was an eager kiss; it was as light as flower leaves, fine as fire. Her stormy bosom tossed some little diamond pins she wore into iridescent sparkles. She then took his face into both hands, and held it near her own, and remarked that there was an open grave between them, which says little for American cemeteries. When Mrs. Pomfret came to reflect on her conduct, she said she was a wanton. She did penance by sitting up all night with the thermometer at zero. Perhaps we have forgotten to mention that she had rathé arms, a padding step, and that she smelt like a sponge, 'that exquisitely fresh fragrance.' She wore a dense, yet filmy gown, and a delicate foot in a web-like stocking, and riotous masses of copper-colored hair. Perhaps it is superfluous to add marks of quotation. The style bewrays itself.

The adventures of Barbara, and how she sent her dead husband's cousin away, and called him back again, and the number and variety of their kisses, and how Barbara repented, and jilted Jock, absolutely for the last time, are written in 'The Quick or the Dead?' They are all perfectly familiar in character and manner to the most ordinary student, and it is hard to explain why they have attracted so much notice in America. In one respect the volume deserves its popularity. Not even Miss Braddon or Ouida has described more dresses, some with wool of fire and web of smoke, some of peach-bloom colored silk, and so forth. Perhaps it was on account of her varied costume that Barbara's lover 'now seemed affianced to some Eastern houri, languid in rich embroideries among many cushions, and the next followed a modern Atalanta through the brown vistas of her familiar woods.' On the whole, it seems a pity that the widow Pomfret did not marry Mr. Dering. As Miss Squeers remarked of 'Tilda Price, it was 'most desirable, from the very nature of her failings, that she should be married as soon as possible.'

MISS RIVES'S REPLY TO HER CRITICS

[Preface to 'The Quick or the Dead?'] J. B. Lippincott Co.]

THE critics have done me a great, though unconscious, honor in assuming that I intended Barbara Pomfret for a representation of myself, for in so doing they have attributed to me an absolute honesty and lack of vanity (save in the matter of physical appearance) such as few mortals were ever credited with.

Imagine any self-respecting human creature deliberately setting down the minutiae of her private woes and struggles, and recounting in downright English her absolutely selfish and hysterically morbid fluctuations between two vital questions. As for those who think that I intended Barbara to represent a noble character, I will say simply and honestly that such was not my intention. I tried to describe as truthfully as I could a type of woman of whose existence I felt convinced—a creature morbid, hysterical, sensitive, introspective; an egotist to her finger ends, although an unconscious one; a sophist and a self-deceiver. I will acknowledge with grati-

tude criticism which enables me to correct errors, to refine my style, to become simpler, more terse, more in everything what a writer should be; but for those who call me impure I have only one reply: 'Ye read by the light of your own spirit.'

'The Quick or the Dead?' with all its faults of crudeness and bad taste here and there—the result of too rapid writing and publication—is, after all, merely an honest study of a sensitive and morbid woman who feels that she is being disloyal to her dead husband in loving a living man. When I think of the misconstruction which has followed its appearance, I am reminded of a purported fact which was once mentioned to me. The statement may be utterly untrue, but the simile remains apposite. Some one told me that milk and rattlesnakes' poison are identical in the quality and quantity of their ingredients, and that the only way in which scientists explain the harmlessness of the one and the virulence of the other is by supposing some subtle difference in the juxtaposition of the molecules in each fluid. Now, it seems to me that some critics, when they shake the milk of my human kindness about in their own minds, disturb its atoms and force them temporarily into a poisonous relativity. It was her husband's ego—his—soul—that Barbara loved. If this had not been so, she would have married Dering without question, since physically he was almost the exact reproduction of his cousin.

It seems to me that books well meant, strongly written, and from a clean heart resemble mirrors, wherein every one who reads sees his own reflection. The pure will see purity—the foul-minded, foulness.

Notes

THE exhibition to be given in connection with the celebration of the centennial of Washington's Inauguration promises to be of great interest. The ball-room suite of the Metropolitan Opera House has been engaged, and the exhibition will take place there in the spring, beginning before, and probably continuing after, the anniversary date (April 30). This part of the celebration is under the charge of the Sub-Committee on Art and Exhibition, consisting of Henry G. Marquand, Chairman; Gordon L. Ford, Vice-Chairman; Daniel Huntington, F. Hopkinson Smith, William E. Dodge, Charles Parsons, A. W. Drake, Oliver H. Perry, Frank D. Millet, H. H. Boyesen, Charles Henry Hart, Rutherford Stuyvesant, John L. Cadwalader, Lispenard Stewart, Charles H. Russell, Jr., and Richard W. Gilder, Secretary. The Committee has engaged Mr. William A. Coffin, Secretary of the Society of American Artists, as manager, with headquarters in the Stewart Building, 280 Broadway. At a recent meeting a circular was agreed upon, which is soon to be published, containing full information in regard to the details of the commemoration. We understand that it is the intention of the Committee not to repeat former exhibitions, but to confine the scope of the affair to portraits and relics relating to Washington, his Cabinet, members of the First Congress, delegates to the Constitutional Convention, and such other persons as were conspicuously identified with the Inauguration.

—The Scribners have ready 'The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris,' edited with great care by his granddaughter, Miss Annie Cary Morris, and filling two generous volumes. Mme. de Staél and her father, M. Necker; Mme. de Flahaut, Talleyrand, the Duchess of Orleans, Mme. de Tessé and Mme. de Nadaillac are among the *beaux esprits* with whom our Minister was brought in contact, and of whom he gossips pleasantly in his letters home.

—Messrs. Appleton & Co. have nearly ready an edition of Darwin's 'Origin of Species' reprinted from the sixth and last London edition, which contains the author's last revisions.

—Mr. James Russell Lowell arrived at Boston on Tuesday. The December number of the Camelot Series will consist of a collection of Mr. Lowell's essays for which he has written what he terms an 'apology for a preface.' This collection of the author's essays—the second to appear in the Series—includes the papers on Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Keats, Wordsworth, Lessing and Rousseau.

—The Railway articles which have met with such success in Scribner's during the past six months will be continued next year. Gen. E. P. Alexander, President of the Georgia Central, and ex-Postmaster-General James, among others, will contribute to them. An unpublished correspondence and collection of manuscript memoirs in relation to J. F. Millet and a group of famous French painters will be another 'feature' of next year's issues. Mrs. Fields will contribute a second paper on 'A Shelf of Old Books'; there will be a paper on the 'Homes and Haunts of Charles Lamb'; one on Sir Walter Scott's methods of work, by E. H. Woodruff, based upon the collection of his proof-sheets in the possession of the Hon. Andrew D. White; an article by T. S. Perry on the recent

discovery of Graeco-Egyptian painted portraits at Fayoum; and other art-papers by W. H. Bishop, Clarence Cook and Dr. Wm. Eliot Griffis. Mr. and Mrs. Blashfield will write on 'Castle Life in the Middle Ages'; and T. B. Aldrich will contribute the first of a series of essays, from different pens, to replace the monthly *causerie* of Mr. Stevenson.

—*Harper's Magazine* for 1889 will contain a novel by Miss Woolson, entitled 'Jupiter Lights.' Charles Dudley Warner also will contribute a serial; and R. M. Johnston a novelette called 'Ogeechee Courtships.' The art 'feature' of the year will be the illustrations of Shakespeare's comedies; and there will appear articles on 'The British Royal Academy,' 'The French Institute,' and 'American Art in the Paris Exposition of 1889.' Björnsterne Björnson will write three chapters of 'Norwegian Studies'; and there will be papers on Russian subjects, social, artistic and military, one of which M. Verestchagin is to write. A description of Abbotsford by Scott, never before published, is announced for an early number.

—A Christmas volume which it will be difficult to rival is an *édition de luxe* of Gérard de Nerval's 'Sylvie,' with a preface by Ludovic Halevy. The book is exquisitely mounted, and contains forty-two etchings by Ed. Rudeaux. The translation is by Hugh Craig, the print is De Vinne's, and Geo. Routledge & Sons are the publishers.

—'La Belle Américaine' is the title of a story which W. E. Norris has contributed to the Christmas number of Macmillan's *English Illustrated*. Other contents of the number are a paper on 'Surrey Farm Houses,' by Grant Allen; 'A Ramble through Normandy,' by R. Owen Allsop; 'The Angler's Song,' from Isaac Walton, illustrated by Hugh Thompson; and 'Macbeth on the Stage,' by William Archer and Robert W. Lowe, with a drawing of Edwin Booth in the rôle, by W. J. Hennessy.

—Ticknor & Co. are to publish on Monday the Autobiography of the Nun of Kenmare, Sister M. Frances Clare (Cusack), whose services in the Irish famine of 1879 made her so widely known, and who has recently been brought prominently before the public by her retirement from the Sisterhood to which she has devoted so many years of effectual service. The volume will contain a portrait of the author.

—The Scribners will publish early next year a collection of R. H. Stoddard's poems, under the title of 'A Book of Verse, Early and Late.' Mr. George Butler has painted a portrait of the poet to be engraved for this volume.

—One of the two contributions promised by Margaret Deland to *The Atlantic* will appear in the January issue of the magazine.

—Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler is just now finishing some literary work, and in the spring will sail for Europe for an absence of two years, during which she says she will not touch a pen. Of one of her unpublished stories, 'My Lady Tongue,' she is said to speak as her best production—an opinion she was recently reported to hold of 'Loveday,' also still unpublished.

—W. H. H. Murray's 'Daylight Land' has been issued in an English dress by Chatto & Windus, who cabled for the right to publish in England after seeing a few sample pages of the American edition.

—The Chicago *Tribune* prints the following letter from Lord Tennyson, dated Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, May 7, 1874, to a gentleman who communicated to him certain strange experiences he had had when passing from under the effect of anaesthetics:

I have never had any revelations through anaesthetics; but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name) I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently till, all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this not a confused state but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility; the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life. I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words?

—Miss Dickens has written a chapter on her father which will appear in Mrs. Kitton's forthcoming book, entitled 'Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil.'

—According to the President's Message, the average attendance of Indian pupils in the schools increased by over 900 during the year, and the total enrolment reached 15,212. The cost of maintenance was not materially raised. The number of teachable Indian youth is estimated at 40,000. It is believed that the obstacles in the way of instructing are all surmountable, and that the necessary expenditure would be a measure of economy.

—Mrs. T. T. Pitman, better known by her pseudonym of 'Merry Deane,' died in Paris last week. Besides her 'Wonder World' (written in collaboration with Marie Pabke) and 'European Breezes,' she was the author of numerous short stories and occasional verse, and a graceful and popular newspaper correspondent. Her Newport letters were the best ever sent out from that fashionable watering-place.

—Mr. Courtney's Life of John Stuart Mill, in the Great Writers Series, will appear this month. A letter from Mr. Gladstone on Mill's career in Parliament will be published, together with other individual judgments.

—A Christmas article by Donald G. Mitchell and a Christmas poem by Whitcomb Riley will be the leading contents of the Christmas Book Buyer. Sarah Orne Jewett, Octave Thonet, G. P. Lathrop, W. C. Brownell, James Baldwin, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and Hamilton W. Mabie are also among the contributors.

—The *Independent* celebrated its fortieth birthday on Thursday. Dr. Storrs, who is the only one of the original editors living; Mr. Henry C. Bowen, who, with the exception of the Hon. S. B. Chittenden, is the only surviving proprietor; and Dr. Samuel T. Spear, who wrote an article for the first number, contribute to the anniversary issue this week.

—Geo. Routledge & Sons have ready W. S. Caine's 'My Trip Round the World'; Miss Amelia B. Edwards's 'Thousand Miles up the Nile,' with numerous illustrations by the author; and 'A Child's Dream of the Zoo,' by William Manning, with illustrations by Ernest Griset.

—A proposal has been made for the provision of a 'Campo Santo,' close to Westminster Abbey, for the sepulture of England's illustrious dead. The reason for this step is to be found in the fact that only fifteen or twenty burials more can take place in the Abbey for lack of space. It is said that the proposal is likely to take a practical shape.

—Cardinal Newman, who lies ill at the Oratory, in Birmingham, inhabits two rooms, one of which is his study, and the other his bedroom. No visitors are allowed to enter his apartments, but the Fathers have free access to their Superior at any time. The Cardinal goes to bed at 10 and gets up at 5, winter and summer alike. 'Office' till 7, breakfast at 9; then back to his room, where he conducts his correspondence, his devotions, and his studies. Dinner at 1.30. For the last two years the Cardinal has never gone out in the afternoon. At 5.30 he obeys the voice of the vesper bell. After vespers, which last about fifteen minutes, there is a theological discussion and some general conversation. At seven he retires to his room.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Bliss, W. R. Colonial Times on Buzzard's Bay. \$2. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Brine, M. D. A Doren and One. \$1.50. Cassell & Co.
Brooks, E. S. The Story of the American Sailor. \$2.50. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Cameron, Mrs. H. Lovett. This Wicked World. 25c. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Carrington, H. B. Patriotic Reader. \$1.20.	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Carus, P. The Idea of God.	Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Colmore, G. Concerning Oliver Knox. 25.	London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Compayré, G. Lectures on Pedagogy.	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Defoe, D. From London to Land's End. 10c.	Boston: Cassell & Co.
Delta Bacon. A Biographical Sketch. 25.	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Good Things of Life. Fifth Series. \$2.50.	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Goodyear, W. H. A History of Art.	A. S. Barnes & Co.
Harper, W. St. J. The Tennyson Calendar. \$1.50.	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Johns Hopkins University Annual Report, 1888.	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Kercheval, G. T. Lorin Mooruck.	Boston: J. Stilman Smith & Co.
King, R. Ohio.	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Morris, Annie C. Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris. 2 vols. \$7.50.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Morse, L. G. The Chezzies. \$1.50.	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Mother Goose. Illustrated by J. L. Webb and set to Music by E. I. Lane.	Cassell & Co.
Murray, W. H. H. Daylight Land. \$2.50.	Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Nesmith, J. E. Monadnoc, and Other Sketches in Verse.	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Nye, E. W., and Riley, J. W. Nye and Riley's Railway Guide. \$1.	Chicago: Dearborn Publishing Co.
Ribbon Booklets for Christmas and New Year. 25c. each.	Richfield Springs: Ibbotson Bros.
Scolland, C. Old and New World Lyrics. \$1.	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Shepard, E. On Children and their Friends. \$1.25.	C. L. Cassell & Co.
Sheridan, P. H. Personal Memoirs. 2 vols.	C. L. Webster & Co.
Shorthouse, J. H. The Countess Eve. 25c.	C. L. Webster & Bros.
Silva, C. Songs of Toil. \$1.	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Van Santvoord, H. Half-Holidays. 75c.	John B. Alden.
Wallace, Lew. The Boyhood of Christ. \$3.50.	Harper & Bros.
Wallace, S. E. The Repose in Egypt. \$1.	John B. Alden.
Whittier, J. G. Poetical Works. Vols. III.-IV. \$1.50 each.	Harper & Bros.
Wiggin, K. D. The Birds' Christmas Carol. 50c.	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Woods, M. L. A Village Tragedy. \$1.	Henry Holt & Co.
Worcester, J. Correspondences of the Bible. Part II.	Boston: Mass. New Church Union.
Wright, O. W. Winding Journey Around the World. \$2.	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

No. 1439.—Can any one recommend a pantomime for amateur acting?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

E. M. L.

No. 1440.—I enclose a couple of verses copied from an album in this city. Are they original? If not, where can they be found?

Her hands are cold, her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go.
Her eyes are shut to life and light—
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
But lay her where the violets blow.

If any one of kindly blood
Should ask, What maiden sleeps below?
Say only this, A tender bud
That tried to blossom 'neath the snow
Lies withered where the violets blow.

W. W. B.

MEXICO.

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"A sweet story, charming and full of love of the South."—Charleston News and Courier.



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